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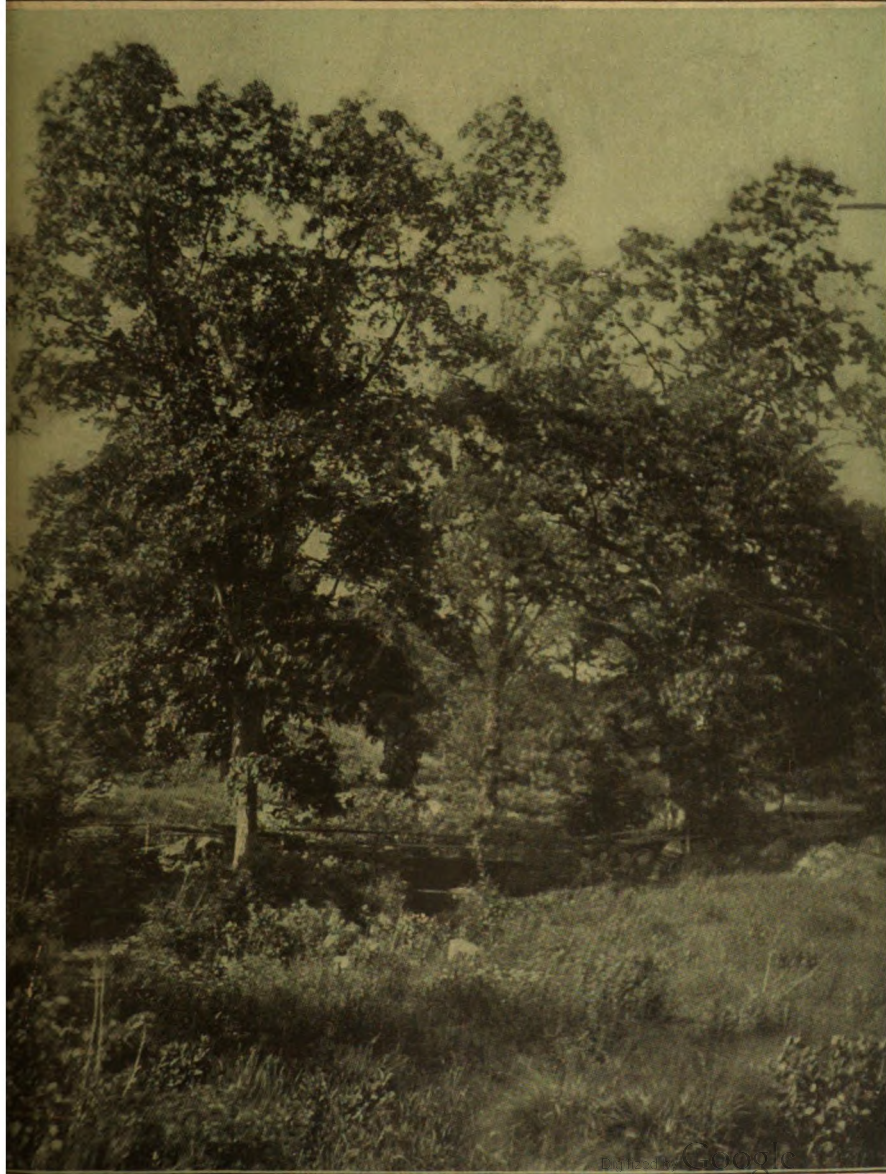


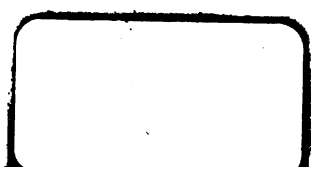


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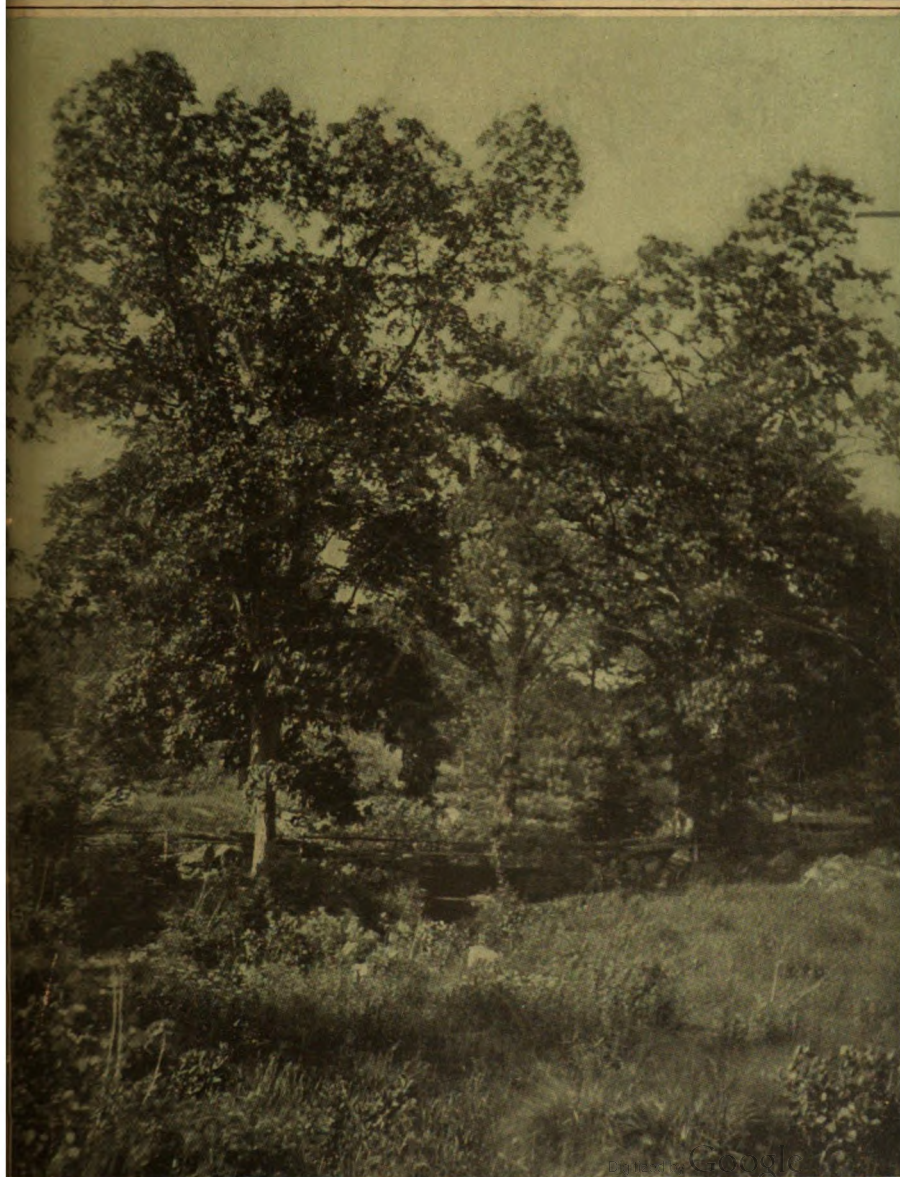
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THE CONTENTS

VOL. IV

JUNE, 1905

NO. 1

Cover, "Just Country"	
Frontispiece, A Good Bit of Road for Tired Folk.	
"The Dunbars in Town and Country," a serial by <i>Peter, the Editor's Assistant.</i>	3
"In June"---A Poem by <i>Doris Wakefield</i>	16
Children of the Upper Air	17
"One Danger of Idleness" From <i>Maeterlinck's "Buried Temple"</i>	18
The Posy Bed and Its Dividends	19
Half-hours in the Garden	20
A Word About Poultry and Pets	21
An Editorial Peep over Many Hedges	22
With Publishers and Printers	25
Matters for Serious-Minded Folk	26
Strictly Business, for the Practical Sort	28

BRIARCLIFF OUTLOOK

For Promotion of Country Life

ARTHUR W. EMERSON, *Editor*

J. C. WILCOX, *Business Manager*

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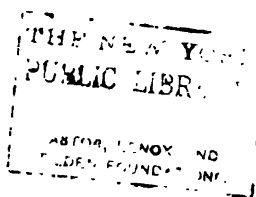
Upholstery Goods

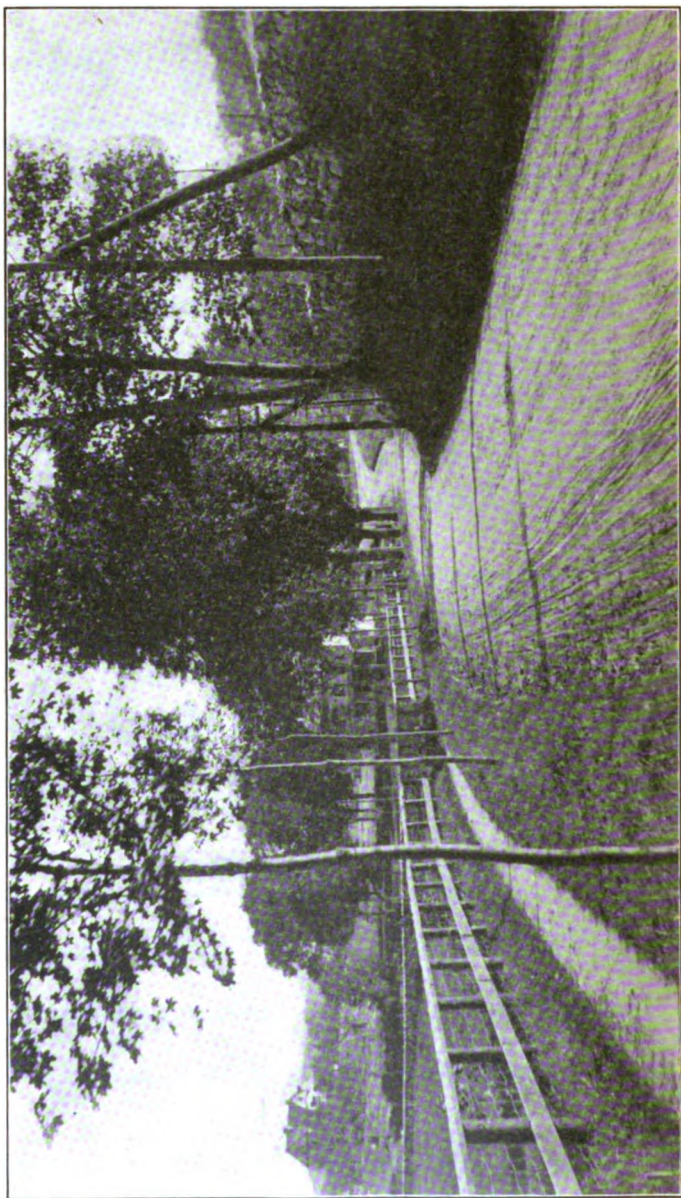
Oriental Rugs

Lace Curtains

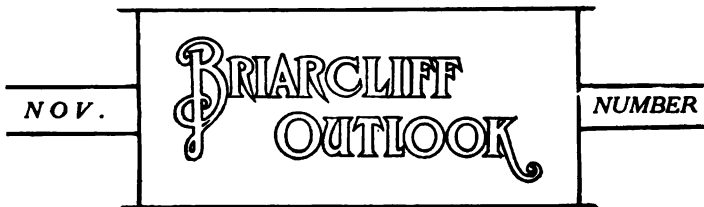
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NATURAL BUT IMPROVED BRIARCLIFF COUNTRY



THE DUNBARS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By "Peter," the Editor's Assistant

(Begun in April).

Written and illustrated for "Briarcliff Outlook."

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AN awakening by the bluebirds at the dawn of a summer's morning is as good a bit of fortune as I can wish any pilgrim in this weary world, and with the sun's rising on that particular Sunday I awoke to lay and listen appreciatively to their confab as vigorously carried on just beyond the corner of our open chamber. And then, remembering the day, I settled back luxuriously to the extra "forty winks" which that seventh calendar interval brings. An hour later I came to myself for the day, and scuttling into the dressing room looked out from our west window at a perfect morning. Drinking in the beauty of it all, I had devoted several minutes to doing nothing when a curious blot on the beauty of the scene moved from the milk room toward the barn. The exhibit resolved itself into the stalwart figure of our guest, but so altered by two days of country life as to be almost a stranger to even friendly eyes. I called Janet hastily to view the spectacle of a man enjoying the "time of his life."

Evidently Hynes had fitted him out. His trousers were turned up broadly above polished boots, and over them were drawn the faded blue overalls, loose enough for the diminutive John but quite another matter for the present wearer. By dint of shoe-horns or persuaders of some other sort he had pulled them on, however, and, like the Irishman's stick, they were too short at both ends. They hung some eight inches superior to the ground level, and a deficit of

similar amount in the suspenders crossing his shoulders was made good by scraps of hemp binding cord. He wore no coat, and with shirt sleeves rolled loosely up, hat tilted up on the back of his head, and an empty milk pail in either hand, he was a picture of man at the beginning of things, for the sight of which I could have sold fifty tickets at a dollar each in the office of the Always-Safe in town.

Just before turning the corner from our sight he stopped and looked off toward the south, over the miles of clean nature beauty to the point where a smudge of smoky sky told of the great city where the business of another Sunday was beginning. We could see his face plainly from between the leaves of our lattice, and because we could closely hazard the thought which ruled him, there ceased to appeal any hint of the ludicrous or incongruous in what had but now been only amusing. Here was a verdict in the cause of Modern Life, on trial before the Great Court of the People. Yonder was the City, counted by millions the Eldorado of desire, and here was one Midas within whose check-book was command of all there might be of luxury and elaboration, whose preference it was to don the common clothes of a working man in a still and obscure corner of a homely realm. The popular voice would pronounce this man a fool of eccentricity, yet I knew that there were few business men to whom were so generally granted well-balanced keenness and logic of judgment, so that a mere play of eccentric whim would not pass. Mr. Howlett, *imprimis*, had been the familiar of something like the scenes we knew here, had given them over for the fullest test of city success, wealth, and the fawning deference it brought, and, it was to be fairly judged would now, if it were possible, gladly make permanent the present temporary exchange of the purple and fine linen for the homespun. How many there were to envy him the place in the world of which I knew him to be so weary; how few to share with him in the perception of and hunger for the primitive things worth while.

Long before I had finished chewing over this puzzle of the bit of cross-purpose fact which had come under my observation there was the slam of upper hall doors, and I could hear the girls rushing down stairs and through the house in whirlwind order to their early morning work--Helen to her horse and Jinks to the doves and biddies. Somewhat more leisurely, not to say lazily, I followed them to the barn where was a co-operation of industry which left standing room only.

Dick was cleaning and polishing the harness like an expert, Hynes was washing the surry for the trip to church, Helen, in the filly's box, had finished with card and comb, and the silken coat of her pet reflected like French plate every golden shaft of sunlight entering the window. Now she was braiding the mane and foretop of the horse, and somewhere she had caught the true hostler's trick of the hissing whistle, curiously soothing to the most nervous of the horse kind. Always I loved to watch Helen and her horse, and now I went over to stand by the box, and ask why she didn't do mane and foretop up in papers, and have done with it?

"Don't you mind him, Beauty. He doesn't know; how should he, that—be quiet, goose—some folks' hair is quite straight, and can't be curled even with crimpers, while others—there, behave, behave!—curls naturally, and only needs a little encouragement. There, be quiet, you silly! I'm all done now, and when we loosen it in a few hours, it will ripple down beautifully as it ought for such a horse. Isn't she a dear, papa?"

I had been asked that exact question some hundreds of times, and suppose I answered indifferently, for Helen came over and laid mock violent hands on me, to be shortly followed by the horse; for the usual tid-bit had been forgotten, and until it was forthcoming the ticksey young mistress must be nosed and muzzled about in a game of hide and seek which was old but always worth watching. I was wondering where Mr. Howlett was, and after a little walked down the barn toward the lean-to where the cows were housed, and there I found him, milking "Old Red-Top," a cow which had essayed to kick me through the side of the barn on my only inglorious attempt to milk her. He was a part of the whole thing—seated on a bit of a stool, leaning his head against the animal, and softly humming in a tuneless rumble sort of voice while the alternate streams of white went into the foaming pail. He might have made milking his sole occupation all his life so far as matters of style counted. He was finishing just as I came up, and answered my inquiring look with a smile:

"Hullo! Dunbar; looking about to see the pictures? I've been up an hour or more, and wouldn't have missed this morning for a line of ferry boats. I may not look pretty, but if I felt any better than I do just now, I couldn't stay on the ground. Hynes here had suspicion in his eye when I asked him if he wanted help, so I just had to show him that I remembered how to milk a cow,

and I've milked 'em both. Here you are, Hynes. Both done; you can probably do them quicker, but I'll give you at the rate of fifty dollars a quart for all the milk you can strip from them now."

"No, Mr. Howlett; I ain't got time to sell milk now," said Johnny, looking into the pails. "An', moreover, you got all the milk they ever give me. I didn't think you could do it, for I know 'Old Red-Top,' an' you bein' a friend o' Mr. Dunbar's, I didn't want you to git broke up much, you see. But they can't no city man git familiar with a cow like that, an' I reckon you must be a farmer in disguise."

"Well, the disguise is quite a distance from perfect just now," replied Mr. Howlett, visibly pleased to have had his prowess acknowledged. "Come, Miss Helen; if we are to pick those strawberries for breakfast, it is time we were starting. I'm so hungry now I can only wait to take off these regimentals, so hurry up the berry baskets, please."

And as the pair walked off to the strawberry bed, I went to help Jinks with her morning duties which were always taken very seriously. We all met at the breakfast table, and later lounged about the piazza and lawn, where the first ringing of the church bells in the village warned us that all going in for service had best get ready. It was planned that Dick should drive in with the ladies, and Hynes, after harnessing for him, decided to walk in with Mr. Howlett and myself, so that our pew in the old-fashioned church would be filled for once.



¶ The reading from the desk, indicating the drift of the preacher's thought, was the tenth chapter of Luke, and from that chapter was taken the morning's text: "Thou shalt love * * * thy neighbor as thyself." The plain old story of the Samaritan was perhaps never before told with so little grace of oratorical trick or so little of theological forced draught. No prolix arguments of straw theory were laboriously heaped up merely to be knocked over or under the pews, but with strong simple phrase the fundamental belief was laid down that in the seven words of the text was included everything of human love and duty and hereafter. And as his topic warmed in the heart of the preacher, the thought was unfolded that, were the world reduced to but a single word upon which to build its future as Omnipotence had planned it, that word had been unselfishness, the

variant of the text and of the Golden Rule, and of all else for which the Christ had lived and died. Per contra, selfishness was shown to be the germ of every soul disease the world had known since creation; it was within as without the church, defeating christianizing purpose, dominating business, and strangling society, now as in the days of the priest and levite. And, in conclusion, there was warning that the practice of a creed so simple as the suggestion of the text, was hedged about with bristling difficulties. He who essayed it must look for failure of comprehension, the attack of bitter prejudice, even the violence of ignorant hatred; and we [who lived among countless demonstrations that development in natural realms was simply an unending war of counter forces might not hope to escape the grinding of similar opposites in spiritual and physical things. And the end of all sacrifice and all painful experiment, was an evolution from temporary to eternal standards of treasure value. A short, earnest word of prayer for a more general and genuine unselfishness closed the service, and we passed out into a bright hot morning for the leisurely walk home. We had left the village and reached the coolness of the shady road before anyone spoke. Then it was Mr. Howlett:

"Rather difficult to go behind the returns on that sermon, Dunbar? What do you think of it all?"

"He certainly made all his points, so far as I can see."

"Or else his every point was established from the beginning of things. I think that is it. Certainly, every one of us can prove his facts within the small radius of every-day matters, and if it works on a small scheme, why not on a large one? What was to you the most conspicuous thing about that sermon, anyhow?"

"It's suggestion of earnest conviction and finality, I should say. I think he left nothing more to be said on the subject."

"Precisely. And most of us have heard the same things in a beautiful, meaningless sort of way, times without number. This man establishes in my mind a new conviction---that there is no need of cant in the pulpit. I should like to hear him again. Tell me, Hynes, can't I get back home by some roundabout way through the woods? I want a long tramp, alone."

"Yes, yes," answered the farmer. "Strike right in here, straight through woods to the railroad track, an' then foller down to the station. Taint eggsackly a graded road though, an' some of it's middlin' rough goin'."

"That's all right; I guess it's about what I need. See you at lunch-time, Dunbar." And he plunged into the wood, crashing his way through the underbrush like a moose on charge. Hynes projected the next thought:

"The way I shape it up, 'cordin' to the Dominie, Mr. Dunbar, is that everybody you meet up with is your neighbor, an' that bein' so, it aint so durn easy to foller his text; an' that's what he said, too, allowin' for differences in the way he said it."

"I think perhaps everything he said will square itself, John, and that many of us who would claim to be pretty decent people might balk at a literally unselfish life. Yet it must be possible to all who have the courage, and it would make quite a difference in the world if everybody should give it a good try."

"Yes, yes; it would that. For one thing, it would stop a considabul lot o' hoss tradin'. I dunno as I could make much of a show at treatin' my neighbors just as I do myself, for I been countin' myself first for quite a spell now, but I kin see that it's right, an' mebbby it'll count some if I kinder pick out a few selec' neighbors to begin on till I git sorter stronger."

He was quite serious in this original admission that he too had fallen under the logic of the presentment which had appealed so strongly to the city stranger, and we were both busy with our thoughts for the rest of the way home."

The luncheon party was a quiet one, and all at table seemed to be thinking along particular and private lines which had no present call for expression. I went out for a smoke after the coffee, and overheard Mr. Howlett arranging with Hynes for a walk later, and then I gave myself up to a drowsy feeling and took possession of a couch in the reception room.

The sun was low when I again heard voices on the piazza just outside the window. Helen was talking:

"But ought not one to look forward to something, and work toward it? Of course, I am only a girl, but I have often wondered what I could do after a few years. And now I am wondering what I should do. There's a difference, you see. Some one thing must be in waiting for every one. What is mine, I wonder? I have no particular gift or talent for anything, so far as I can see, and I do want to do something."

"What you cannot see now, little girl," answered Mr. Howlett's voice, "is that planning far ahead is generally idle. Very few such

plans carry, I think ; but all at once a way opens in a closed wall, and a thing lies in the path, and that thing must be moved. I am not sure that women were made for careers, or careers made for women, but I am certain that no such amount of talk as the press is making about careering women was ever intended. Isn't the main thing, my dear, for woman or man, old or young, to be ready for doing the next best thing at hand ? And I should think that for a girl, that would mean making all possible gains in growth out of school, and friends, and home--home first of all--until time pointed out the road to life work. To be ready for a thing larger than we are doing is the best judgment, and often opportunity comes sooner than we expect it. Don't worry about the future unless you feel that the present is all wrong. That is the advice of a man who is growing old, and who begins to-day to fear that he has failed to do the larger things of which he might have been at least a part. There ; Hynes is waiting for me and I must go."

Two hours later, as I walked aimlessly down to the barn, I came across Hynes, who was wrestling with a problem :

"This friend of yours ; Mr. Howlett. You known him long ?"

"Ten years or more."

"I reckon he's a fine man, but he's been talkin' to me about a middlin' big projec', an' I been wonderin' ef he knows the value o' money, or ef he's just tryin' to astonish a farmer. Is he rich ?"

"Well, Hynes ; he can probably buy and pay for anything he takes a notion to, and his judgment is sought by some of the heaviest financiers of New York. He is president of a big insurance company, and is worth several millions."

"Gosh ! And he had a good time in my overalls, milkin' 'Old Red-Top' this morning. I can't study it out, but I reckon it's all right. Say, Mr. Dunbar, he's fixin' to buy mighty nigh all the land there is out doors about here. You know what he's goin' to do with it ?"

"No. He's said nothing to me about it. But if he wants me to know of it, he will, so I think we will talk no more about it now. Only he can carry through whatever deal he has in mind."

It was in the cool dark of evening, when the family had retired, that Mr. Howlett unfolded the plan that the morning's sermon had inspired, and that he had thought out, in the rough as to detail, but in definite shape, during the day :

"Do you believe, Dunbar, that a country life scheme upon a self-help basis for the city's poor could ever be developed to a point where it would stand alone?"

"I don't quite get the idea."

"Well; we know that the city is crowded with unfortunates who have some way missed the road. Say a small percentage still have a pride which resents all the operation of bureau charities, and only asks for work. Suppose a country location, adequately backed by capital, were provided, complete as to facilities, management and direction, for the development of small farming and gardening, with other industries for the winter season, to be studied out, and with plenty of room for growth. And suppose that through co-operation with settlement workers among the city's poor, that location—call it the Golden Rule Farm—should offer clean comfort to any individual or family willing to help in the work and come under necessary regulation, paid justly for contributed product and charged actual pro rata living expense plus a small sinking fund margin—there would be a lot of detail to work out, of course—would such an experiment promise any permanent help for the world? Remember, that the land is waiting with productiveness for honest labor, and that there is the richest market of the world to absorb whatever can be supplied."

"It sounds like a lot of money."

"That can be handled all right. The how of it is another story. The only question that I can't answer is that about the workers. Are there any who would give up city landlordism, with starvation and filth, for country comfort and money profit, under regulation?"

"The answer should be easy, but I'm afraid it isn't. Considering any fair proportion of population, I should say no; but there would be exceptions to the rule, and I should judge that such a project, started modestly, would grow, and attract the right sort of reinforcements. Why don't you consult expert opinion in town?"

"I'm afraid of them, though I probably shall. They are of two classes: Church people and philanthropists. The first class works along established lines, and can only show results by sticking close to them. The second class is, without being in the least aware of it, amusing itself. I would not say that both are not doing great good, and I have no doubt but I shall be viewed as a hobby rider. That doesn't matter. But I believe this thing will work; that the bounty

of the Lord God and the need of an honest man may be brought together, and I am thinking of putting what I have into the experiment."

"It's a large scheme, with practical reasons and something of originality in its favor. Of course you have thought out some sort of detail?"

"Yes, in the rough. I happen to know that the club on the other side the railway is tired of its property and has for some time been looking for a buyer to take the whole thing. There's something over a hundred acres, with water, woodland and everything right for such a project as ours. To buy and begin to build is merely a matter of money and plan. Organization of a directing force will be more difficult, but I know a few people who will help think it out, both from the country and city ends. Wherever we can find a person genuinely interested in the line of practice we heard explained this morning, that person should join us. I should look for some help from your own family, and your man Hynes would be valuable as a worker if, as I think, we can interest him. Run the whole project over in your mind, and we'll talk more about it to-morrow."



¶ Going in on an early morning train, Mr. Howlett plumped at me a question which proved more and more of a poser as I dug into it:

"Dunbar; what is your notion that money is fairly worth?"

"The question is too many for me. It depends on one's locality and extremity, I suppose."

"But it should not. Think over the question, and it will lead you back in history to when the world was a division of land and water, populated by barbarian tribes, preempted by petty kings, and made matter of conquest resulting in political divisions of always decreasing number and increasing extent. For convenience men wanted and created a medium of exchange, determining how it should be made and acquired. Yet there is no real wealth outside the natural world to which we have no claim, and so-called land-owners are in fact "squatters," or, if you will be more politic, lease-holders, whose only rights in the premises are by mutual agreement among themselves. Now our money, created to negotiate desirable lease transfers, has two standards of value—the real, based as nearly as world conditions permit men to figure large averages, upon actual supply and

demand ; and speculative, depending, as you say, upon an individual's location and necessity. Interest, or the rental-fee of money, similarly differs in rating, so that while, for example, our state law defines a legal rate per cent beyond which it is usurious and punishable to pass, the borrower generally knows nothing about it, and is forced to pay in proportion as his need is urgent. The tighter his corner, the higher the rate for his relief."

"And the ingenuity of man in overcoming natural divisions, and introducing water into land deals, makes the speculative flavor of modern business the more picturesquely conspicuous."

"That is quite probable," was the dry response. "But, to gain a starting point, leave the speculative standard out of reckoning. As good American citizens are we not bound to think that the government's average interest rate is the most honest and fair? And since government is backed by all its tremendous resources, as against the warrant of any corporate interest, however successful, do you see any reason why a rate of four per cent is not absolutely fair to everyone concerned?"

"I can see no flaw in the argument, except that radical changes in business conditions might affect it, just as in the case of government bonds."

"Which might always be met in the same search for strict equity which now suggests this study. And what would happen if I should propose to the next directors' meeting that from the date of the next annual meeting the stock of the Always-Safe should pay four per cent, guaranteed?"

"Well, I suppose they would have you promptly examined by medical experts to determine your mental fitness for further business; certainly, they would elect a new president, and probably there would be furniture smashed during the meeting."

Mr. Howlett laughed over the hint. "It would be a warm gathering, I fancy. And yet we've some splendid big-hearted men on our directorate, only they could not see the thing as I do, honestly believing that the rate per cent of dividends is the sole measure of business success. No, I'm afraid that would not be the way to move. Now just one more thought for you to mull over, and we'll leave further talk until this afternoon: You know the average dividend the company has paid, what the stock is worth, and the amount of my holdings. I have been offered stock from time to time, and

can buy the control of the company at market rate. Who would be wronged if I should buy such control, announce a four per cent dividend rate, and take all the stock offered by dissatisfied holders? I might have to take it all up, but every share would bring the holder more than it cost. I have a notion that the company, made successful by policy-holders, can justly stop feeding cream to stock-holders, write a more liberal policy, cut certain extravagancies in method, and even at four per cent show a splendid profit to back the operation of our farm work. Figures, indirectly, the people helping the people, doesn't it?"

"And you plan to turn all company profits into a sinking fund, to be drawn on either for business emergencies or farm needs, without a personal share as owner?"

"Why not? I am just realizing that I have piled up money too rapidly for years and years. Legitimately enough in the eyes of modern business, and yet I am coming to appreciate what was in Carnegie's mind when he spoke of the disgrace of dying rich. I had thought it only Quixotic. All that stands in my name as wealth came from the public to whom I can only return it indirectly. All natural claims of family may be reasonably satisfied and definitely settled, and enough set aside for the transfer of company ownership and purchase and funding of the country project. There will not be very much left, but it will be enough, for I shall have a just salary from the company. A lone old man really doesn't need much by way of money, and I recall no happier days in life than those of a time when two hundred or three hundred dollars was all the money I saw from year's end to year's end. Certainly, money has brought me no happiness. Now, get into your paper, Dunbar. We've talked enough."

But the printed lines ran together in a smudgy blur, nor could I think on anything save this proposition, so calmly discussed and clearly planned, to voluntarily give over a fortune for which thousands of men would fight to their last gasp. The program was too clearly outlined to have been the result of any impulse of the past twenty-four hours, and I had to believe that Mr. Howlett had thought long over some such action, being brought to decision by the sermon of Sunday. It would cause a sensation in town all right, and I could see exciting times and plenty of work in the office where this thing meant revolution. Beyond that, every other man in the city

would vote the Old Man a fool, a searcher in the baffling mists of cloudland for Utopia, and a disturber of the established order for a chimerical dream. Also, I judged, there would be rage after a refined order of bitterness, in Newport, where were certain Howlett relatives with great expectations not in accord with any Samaritanian scheme.



¶ The new thought took entire possession of Mr. Howlett, and while it was not discussed outside his room and my own when we were alone, the working plan daily grew more clearly defined. Within a week of his visit to us he told me he had secured a thirty-day option on the entire club property, acting through agents so that his interest should not be known.

"Within these thirty days," he continued, "I must prove up every conclusion I have in the premises, and know every link in a chain that will have to meet the hardest kind of test. I wish you would take over all care of current affairs in company business, and only come to me when you get cornered. I must work over all the books from date of charter and see how far my general knowledge of our affairs varies from the showing of a searching investigation."

And from that date, no man in the place put in such working days as the company's president. Every morning great books, files of correspondence and reports, were taken to his room, to be returned to the vaults only at the closing hour, leaving the searcher with a growing stack of memoranda, which was reduced to an orderly chronological history of company operations from the beginning. Day after day he was locked in and engaged to all callers, and wanting no help in his work, there was much curiosity about the office as to what the Old Man could be up to. Occasionally, he would drop in on me and talk on some special point of his investigation. He was never worried and always cheerful, and once when I asked if he wasn't working too closely, he laughingly replied: "Never felt better in my life. I think one of my troubles has for years been too little to do. Time has hung heavy on my hands, and this machine has run along with such smooth success that I guess it tired me to watch it. The work I'm doing now is to an end, and does me good."

Generally he would run out to see us at the "Little Old Farm" over Sundays, talking with everybody who could by any possibility

have ideas on subjects involved in his purpose. He became an intimate with the simple old clergyman, whose sermon had moved him from the settled lines of practice, and Hynes developed a growing interest in the project as it was explained to him. The entire family was sympathetic, and in thought and talk the "Golden Rule Farm" took easy precedence over our own home place.

And at last, after three weeks, Mr. Howlett had completed his investigation, and boiled it down to some fifty pages of legal cap, which was a marvel of clear, simplified statistics. He laid it on my desk with a request to look it over.

"It is not far from what I thought, and I feel that I am justified in going ahead. To-morrow I shall take up the land option and begin my offers to take all stock which has been offered me in the past."

Again he held that work as strictly personal. He was his own letter-writer, getting off dozens of letters each day, which were in many cases answered in person. All visitors were promptly received, and his written and verbal explanation in all cases was that he had liberty to state that the dividend rate would shortly be reduced; he could not give details, nor would he urge sale since the stock would remain a safe investment, but having in the past advised holding it is a high-rate investment, he could give them almost certain probabilities and offer to take their holdings at present valuation. They were puzzled and in some cases panicky. Daily I transferred dozens of shares to Howlett's name, and his personal check-book was correspondingly active. But others took time to weigh the matter, attempting in every way to find out what was in the wind before letting go their long time good investment. But the city was full of rumored irregularity in life insurance corporations; the public was worried and money was tight, so that with few exceptions Howlett's proposition was accepted and before the month was out he was the owner of a clear majority of company stock. So quietly had the work been done that the selling price had not been affected and the top price was paid for every share. I carried in to the president's desk a memorandum of stock book footings, and after looking it over Mr. Howlett drew a deep breath and said:

"Well, Dunbar; we're ready for the directors' meeting. Make it ten days from date, and urge the presence of a full board to consider business of first importance. By that date I shall be ready with my statement, with other matters cleared away."

Those ten days were full of business. Mr. Howlett had frequent calls from his personal attorney, and I gathered was funding the future interests of his sister and the two nieces. Griswold, my architectural friend, was called in and started at working out in detail plans for initial work on the country end, and all sorts of associated charities sent representatives on invitation to call, whom Mr. Howlett pleasantly pumped dry of information without showing much of his own hand. Also, I had a call from a mystified director who chose one of the rare moments when the chief was away and whose search for the truth was amusing. He closed the door carefully on entering, and essayed the strictly confidential air :

" Look here, Dunbar ; what's the Old Man up to ? "

" Can't say, I'm sure, Mr. Peters. He hasn't been out long, and didn't say where he was going. "

" No, no ; I don't mean that. What's he selling his property for ? "

" I didn't know he was. "

" Well, within a month, he has sold through his agents and very quietly at least a half-dozen pieces of city real estate, and I understand he has just let his yacht go. Seems to be turning everything into cash, and I don't see why. He isn't embarrassed, is he ? "

" If he is, he doesn't show it to me. "

" I didn't know but it had something to do with this call for a special meeting. What does that mean ? "

" Well, I should judge that it meant that Mr. Howlett would like to meet a full board on Friday. That's what it says. "

" I see ; you have been told not to talk, eh ? "

" If that were true, Mr. Peters, I could hardly compliment your taste in making the charge. As a matter of fact, you haven't named an item of my business in your questions. I don't know whether he's selling his property or not ; if he is, I don't know why he shouldn't. If you're really anxious to know about Mr. Howlett's affairs, all you need do is sit down here and wait patiently until he comes in, when you can ask him about them. "

" Well, well, Dunbar ; don't get into a huff over my small joke. It doesn't matter in the least, and I'm due at another appointment right now. Can't stop, really. "

" Good day, Mr. Peters. "

Mr. Howlett, to whom I rehearsed the talk, laughed over it and said: "Peters will take this thing harder than any man on the board. It's like him to follow up my private sales. But he's quite right. I've turned into instant cash to cover outstanding stock, about all my realty, and arranged a liberal annuity for all relatives. The property I have left is enough to start and stock the farm proposition, and I figure this company will keep it going. Nothing more to be done until the directors meet. By the way, I shan't be in to-morrow. Griswold and I are going out your way to prowl over the new purchase."

"You'd better start out from our place, and come back there for dinner. I'll be down at four. Mrs. Dunbar would want you both to luncheon."

"All right; if we can. We'll be with you for dinner, anyhow."



¶ That directors' meeting was largely attended, considered as a vacation season function. I watched Mr. Howlett carefully, and could not wonder that his face was pale and stern while waiting as chairman to give to these shrewd, keen, busy men of the dollar world a declaration utterly beyond their comprehension. It meant fixed and enormous courage for this man who had steered the ship of business successfully for years, to now propose a cut of one-half in profits for results ethical rather than businesslike; it was as if he spoke to them in an unknown tongue. And when he asked their attention his opening words were slow and halting, taking on only by degrees the ring of earnest confidence. His statement was one of belief that the success of the company had been made possible only through the faith and cash of policy holders; the operating expenses had been fully paid, the reserve fund guaranteed future contracts---all by them; whatever the business was, its structure was their property. If that finding were true, as he believed, he had to propose readjustment, by which a more liberal policy should be written, running expenses reduced wherever prudent, and the annual dividend rate reduced to four per cent from and after the annual meeting of the coming January. And he would ask some expression of the meeting regarding his views as given.

There were several moments of silence following his conclusion, and the men who had watched him curiously now looked at each

other in frank bewilderment. Among them all I had particularly studied Fagan---big smooth Tom Fagan---politician, with a pull in all parties, owner of one hundred shares of stock, and a most useful man as he had proved on many diplomatic occasions. He had caught Mr. Howlett's words in an open mouth, followed the argument and nodded occasionally, and now moved uneasily in his chair as if minded to rise and speak. Peters was the first to come to himself, his anger taking a sarcastic tone :

"The views of the chair are always most interesting and instructive," he opened. "On this occasion I believe them to be entirely without precedent. But, remembering that this is a business corporation, I cannot help the question whether the members of this board, whose time is extremely valuable, should be called here to listen to matters of philanthropy or religion, at the pleasure of the chair."

"The gentleman has asked a question quite within his rights. And the chair can assure him that the call was not issued without serious thought. Holding these views it is essential that the head of the company have them either approved or disapproved by the directorate. In the one case there would be necessary no official change whatever ; In the other, entire reorganization, and my only duty is to lay the whole matter before you for your pleasure."

Again Peters was first up ; this time with sarcasm turned to guile. He thanked the chair for explanation. Further study of co-operative questions helpful to the public might change his view, but at the moment he was bound to consider his interests as a business man, with the similar interests of his associates. And since their honored president had acquired views inimical to such interests, he could only see harmony in reorganization. Personally, Mr. Peters stood ready to purchase Mr. Howlett's entire holdings in the company.

That adroit suggestion opened the flood gates and man after man rose to echo the sentiment, only varying the terms of expression. And the chair listened smilingly until all had finished.

"I have now a supplementary statement which I hope each gentleman present will consider confidential and not for the press." And then he reviewed the conditions of the city's poor, explained the self-help theory, outlined the plan for development of the newly purchased country property, and announced an intention to devote the bulk of his fortune to the support of that plan. "I have only to say,

further, that I have for some time been taking up all stock offered for sale, and have acquired control of the issue. I have none to sell, but am ready, as you are, to buy. If there is no further business, a motion to adjourn will be in order."

There was little order in the dissolution of the meeting, but as I passed into my own room, I could see the dazed men crowd about Howlett, who stood as the wheat post on the exchange on a panicky day, taking memoranda of stock transfers. Each man wanted to be first, as if fearful that the chance to sell would be closed. Some one came in and took a chair by my desk, and I looked up to see Tom Fagan.

"Say, Dunbar; he give us the gaff, all right. Stung us fine, didn't he, now?"

"Hullo, Tom; you're in the wrong room, I guess."

"An' you're not the only one wit' another guess comin' this mornin'. Say, tell me what the Old Man meant by puttin' all he had into the kitty."

I answered question after question, and we were still at it when Mr. Howlett came in and laid a stack of transfer orders before me.

"Here they are, Dunbar. Fix them up on the books, and we'll check out this afternoon. They're all in, I think, and anxious to see the checks. No; here's Fagan that we haven't got yet. How many shares, Tom?"

"Wan hundred—to keep," said Tom.

"How's that; I don't quite understand what you mean?"

"Just this. I don't happen to have anny four per cent stock in my lot, an' I'm thinkin' if I keep this, it may take the curse off some o' the other. I'd like to take a few chips in your game, Mr. Howlett; that's all."

The two shook hands, looking into each other's faces, and there was a bit of a tremble in Howlett's voice as he said, "Tom, I'm glad you are with us. Come and see me soon. I want to tell you more about it."

And as I went into the stock book, the odd reflection came that the Samaritanian cause in general and the Golden Rule Farm in particular, had the sole incongruous backing of Mr. Howlett and big rollicking Tom Fagan.

(Continuation in December.)

A New City Which Is Set Upon a Hill.

IN these days of large enterprises, when the seemingly impossible is never admitted among calculations, there is reason for overstepping the line of ordinary "Outlook" practice, in noting specific progress, and in directly complimenting, even at the risk of arousing the unthinking cry of "advertising," those who have achieved completed results seriously adjudged as beyond possibility. Which leads to the hazard that wayfarers entering this locality from the east or passing through it by the State road are impelled to admire the grace and fitting dignity of a structure which now crowns a Briarcliff hilltop, unadorned one year ago. Facing the valley of the Pocantico, the myriad latticed eyes of the huge field are opened by the first flash of sunrise, and flash out their incandescent stars far across the darkness of the night.



¶ Previous reference has been made within these pages to the fact that this particular section was more than ordinarily favored as the location of schools of the highest known grade. So fertile a soil would, with slight raking over, make possible the further interesting disclosure of fact that the demand in this country for education of a higher sort grows steadily more general, and in the meeting of such demand, promoters of new school enterprises, by unspoken but common consent, are seeking locations in desirable country districts, where healthfulness, quiet, cleanness of natural and social conditions, beauty of scene, and easy accessibility, most conspicuously unite in average advantage. In other phrase, the reasons urging city dwellers to seek country homes are identical with those responsible for the location of successful schools.



¶ It was along such a road of logic that there came to Walter W. Law, Esq., at a moment when he was determining what step should next be taken for the far-ahead development of a country section which had grown dear to him, a proposition to build a school edifice. It should be a large affair, following the latest scientific construction rulings on all points, and with closest and most intelligent reference to technical requirements as to chambers, study rooms,

quarters for gymnasium, infirmary, amusement, etc., and it should be grandly located for both isolation and convenience. Moreover, it should be completed and opened for service, all within the year, which included, of course, several months of winter when outdoor work was extremely difficult.



¶ Since decision was reached and ground actually broken in initiation of so large a project, there have been strenuous days and weeks and months upon that hill top, where has waged a veritable battle against adverse conditions and swift-speeding time. The entire plan of construction and completion, down to the last detail, was placed in the hands of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Company, known through previous building performances, and the school opened in the early days of November, within the time limit, and complete save as to outside ground finish, delay in which prevents a fitting photograph. Another issue will picture the building and carry a more specific reference to the school which is now an important factor of Briarcliff life.



¶ The new institution, directed and conducted by Mrs. Mary E. Dow, is now the home of her large family of girls, and it is hoped that the smoothness with which the working parts of so great a machine take up their work may be an augury of its future and long-continued success.



¶ Accepting Milton's report of bad angels in heaven, it is probably unwise to rage at disturbing free agents upon earth. Yet it is none the less hard to be patient under provocation afforded by the lawless element of our citizenship. These are days when owners of country properties may hear the unusual gunshot within their groves, and walking out may find on the ground the mutilated tails of gray squirrels or the bloody feathers of birds. He has loved the pets of his trees, has posted trespass notices and done everything directed by law for their protection. Now he can only determine that no penalty is too severe for such a trespasser—if he can only be caught.



Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room ;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray---
" This is my work ; my blessing, not my doom ;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers ;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

---HENRY VAN DYKE



Looking Afield In Harvest Time.

FOR days we have lived in the "Autumn Glory," where leafy avenues of gold and scarlet, stretching out to the purple hills in the distance, lured us to long journeys through fairy land.

What treasures the woods have brought us! What jolly races we have run with the nimble squirrels, and how they laughed and chattered from their lofty perches at our futile efforts to find their hoard of butternuts and beechnuts. We gathered our share and were satisfied to take our chance with Mr. Chipmunk on the square deal method, rather than rob him of his winter store.



¶ The small fruits have been gathered, and the last jars of fruit and jellies are safely shelved. It took hours from the beautiful out-of-doors to do it, but all the household virtues declared that it must be done. "Every can of fruit makes the winter shorter," said a thrifty neighbor, as she proudly displayed the glasses and jars of preserved sweetness. The pickle shelves are laden, too, with a bewildering assortment of "sweet and sour" discomfiting to a novice. Strangely enough, most of this supply is by admission put up "for John, or George, and the boys." In return there may be found in field or garden, things planted for "mother and the girls," and the bit of unselfish labor pays well as a rule, in the home life, wherever the home is found.



¶ The harvesting has made long, hard days for man and beast, and often wife and daughters lend a hand that the crops may be safely housed. Thousands of idle men walk the streets of the great cities, a menace to the best interests of the country, while a few miles away it is almost impossible to hire labor for necessary planting, haying and harvesting. But this problem is not for our solving.



¶ "The cows are in the corn," has been the slogan for the feminine members of the community, and many well-planned sallies have resulted in failure, or a victory long delayed and doubtful, after the cows had eaten their fill. Now barrels and bins are full to overflowing with apples and winter vegetables. Ears of golden corn

gleam through the crevices of the corn-cribs; the hay-mows bend with the weight of their burden, and the last gleaning is done. The bare brown earth has yielded her treasures, and now waits for the soft white robe of snow under which she may take her winter sleep. On the hillside are fields plow-turned in long, glistening ridges, while others have had their fall sowing of wheat and rye.



¶ And so the miracle of Nature is repeated year after year. Under what circumstances can one better study the mysterious forces of the great Alchemist's laboratory. The Thanksgiving festival is most fitting now, and while it has lost something of its olden charm in the country home circles, it is nevertheless, in many instances, the votive tribute of a grateful people.

DORIS WAKEFIELD.



A Thought for Every Day.

¶ Sunday---The comfortable and comforting people are those who look upon the bright side of life, gathering its roses and sunshine and making the most that happens to seem the best.

¶ Monday---Look for things to be glad about. Insist on being happy. It is your duty; it costs effort, but it pays. Happiness comes only through making those around you happy. Get the happiness habit without delay.

¶ Tuesday---There is healing power in obedience, just as there is destruction in disobedience.

¶ Wednesday---"It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them."

¶ Thursday---"He has hard work who has nothing to do."

¶ Friday---"Health is the greatest of gifts; contentedness, the best riches."

¶ Saturday---There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.---William Burleigh.



¶ Ignorance is the dairyman's worst enemy. Dairymen who do not read and learn something every day are not living up to their opportunities. The details of the business require a great deal of knowledge. It is impossible to learn it all.

An Editorial Peep Over Many Hedges.

"Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can."

THERE is altogether a happy significance in the coincidence which brings political elections at the close of the harvest season, and the national observance of Thanksgiving closely following elections. Of course there is abundant reason for Thanksgiving in the bountiful harvests alone, but with political peace thrown into the balance the climax of obligation is capped, and there is double reason for expression of thanks all over the country. This year and at this time Thanksgiving day is more logical than ever before, at least in recent years.



¶ For the periodical time-honored farce of "ascertaining the will of a free and enlightened people," is over. In various centers of population, large and small, men who had won positions of party leadership are about done pluming themselves upon victory or explaining defeat, and they are more firmly entrenched or thrown down and out, as leaders, just in proportion as they wisely read and played upon the public temper. The hiring of bands, and marchers in torchlight parades, the rental of halls and decorative flags and bunting, the hoarse and puffy eloquence of cart-tail orators, and the unwonted freedom of alcoholic beverages, cheap cigars, and currency in ones, twos and fives—all is over, and the shouting legions have gone their ways; in great proportion patiently to the day's work, others to quiet corners where in their peculiar preferences they may for some time enjoy life until the shrinkage of election graft shall drive them like rats from their holes to practice the more creditable specialties of pocket-picking, sneak-thievery and second-story collection.



¶ There is a single class enumerated within the census lists of the country to whom the passing of political struggle meant no alteration of daily habit. They are still lolling in the deep-upholstered chairs of fashionable and aristocratic clubs. Their mothers and fathers were hard workers and left them more money than they could manage were it not for agents of business intelligence. And on election day these citizen curios found the duty of casting a ballot alto-

gether distasteful and impossible. Their excuse was an antipathy against contact with other voters in the line whose clothes and hands were really dirty, their actual reason being the ballot-law prohibition of two men in a booth at the same time, with the utter mental and physical incapacity of voting without the aid of a valet. "Such a bally boah, don't y' know!" And instead, this class very generally ran out to the country club where they played golf at a dollar a hole. They lost, of course, and are talking about it now, so we will neither interrupt nor consider them further.



¶ Now, "Briarcliff Outlook" is not a periodical of political expression, yet is there connection, and close connection, between political affairs and the healthier public conditions which it is trying to promote in calling the attention of city workers to country life dividends. The cause for special thanksgiving this year lies in that there is sign of public interest in and correction of all sorts of plain and flagrant abuses by method and practice not worse than for several years. There is the marvel of modern times. How long has the great city of New York emptied its pockets and submitted to the will of vicious plunderers, and how many times have reformers essayed to save the city, to be divided into jealous factions, which secured but an occasional empty victory? The colossal machine of chicane and crime that has ruled Philadelphia is nothing like new as to gears and bearings, and blackmailing corruption in the elections of Ohio, Delaware, New Jersey, and other states are not at all new stories. All men have known something of them, but party pride or shame, self-interest, or hopeless indifference, have held back revolt, even while the tide of discontent and shame rose steadily.



¶ And this year outraged patience seems to have remembered its birthright of power, and the spirit of independence has moved over the face of the earth, working political wonders in many states. Party lines have been trampled down and destroyed by recognition of the fact that Republican and Democratic machines and bosses were equally distasteful, and the beautifully framed sacred rights of the "organization" have been thrown to the rubbish corner by profane hands. One day of balloting has left broken and ruined

machines, many of the insolent "bosses" are thrown up on the beach, and many others have limped away to retirement to shape a new working plan and pull their wrenched joints into place. It is heartening and fine, this picture of millions of people listening attentively to hours of platform argument by safe, honest men, and ranting demagogues alike; reading alike the argument in party-bound if not subsidized newspapers---weighing claims and forming beliefs silently, and then in a day filing their verdict irresistibly, to the confusion of all elaborate and careful arrangement. The spectacle at once revives the wavering belief that the race of men has not died out, and goes far to justify the copy-book phrase of long ago school days, *vox populi*; *vox Dei*, which has in latter times seemed to run heavily against the facts.



¶ Annually the rivers flowing down from the lumber sections furnish analogous illustration of our political situation. The log-drive is coming down on the spring-swollen stream, and here and there on some out-cropping ledge a log is caught, giving lodgment to others coming in the drive. And up at the head waters, with the splash of the last felled tree from the forest to the stream, the lumbermen follow them down river, and where sticks are lodged, some stout fellow with a pike-pole will push and pry until all is free, and afloat down river again, finally reaching the falls---and trouble. There's an ugly jam here, and huge upending logs coming over the apron of the dam have found anchorage among the bed boulders of the cauldron of foam and smother. They are piled high, wedged in in confused tangle, and not until the last stick comes over the dam is the puzzle of giant jack-straws complete. And the tremendous structure groans and creaks under the thundering torrent of many waters. The gang arrives and calmly goes into camp; tents are staked on the river banks, and "cookee" gets busy as methodically as if his operations in that precise locality were to cover years. And a few big rough experts, shod with spike studded boots, clamber out upon the jam and give special study to the problem. And sometimes they swear movingly and spit reflectively into the boiling foam. Ten thousand horse power chained to that jam in addition to the enormous pressure of water would not move it, and on the other hand the unskilled starting of a single stick would start a grinding,

tumbling avalanche full of death to every man on the logs. They are looking for the "key-log," and by and by when they have found it, one man will rig a huge dynamite cartridge on the end of a long pole, thrust it down in the water among the puzzle of logs, and when placed to his liking, will fire the end of a long water-proof fuse, and pull for the shore and high ground. There will be a faint, dull "boom," and the jam will be shaken by a tremor; a multiplied groan of crashing giant trees, and then with a rush the logs go out, lifted by the flood from the anchorage which the explosion tore away.



¶ I do not believe the comprehension of man can adequately measure the menace in the jam of greed, treachery, self-interest, fiendish failure of conscience, reckless destruction of character, brutality, ferocity, and cunning that is devilish, which has come down the rivers of our public life to fasten itself beyond removal, so far as intention goes, on certain great centers of population and richly paid revenue. And you may call the cool riverman with his dynamite charged pole a Roosevelt, a Jerome, a Weaver, a Folk, a Warfield, a La Follette, a Deneen, or any name within your preference which represents a courage to go up against an old and exaggerated power, to demand and fight for public rights, ignoring organizations, avoiding "entangling alliances," telling plain truths as to unspeakable political bosses, and demanding that government, fashioned by the people, shall operate for the people without fear and without favor. The late conspicuous success in clearing the jam at several points will fill the field with courageous men, and some will ride to a fall. For the role is not to be played by the trickster or the demagogue. But wherever in the throng may be found a man of simple direct honor, unselfish motive, and bravery which balks at nothing—a rare combination best expressed by the single grand word, patriotism, that man will be found on the firing line in the eternal battle against public abuses.



¶ And all that has been said regarding matters political applies with equal force in the world of finance, where each day shows in a new class some name of previous high place. The public is again being shown the difference between reputation, which may for years shelter an uncommon thief, and character which has no double meaning.

Matters for Serious-Minded Folk.

IT'S a funny thing—or it isn't, according to the spectacles you wear—that among the world citizens who stand upright in normal posture, the doings of people who are desperately intent upon being serious, are the most laughable, while the net results of those wishing to be funny are oftentimes ghastly and generally sad. It is the natural and innocent word rather than the labored witticism that sometimes calls out that labor-lightener of the world, the honest laugh.



¶ They're raising corn as well as other things in Kansas, all night. Listen to this, from the *Topeka Capital* :

¶ News comes from Southern Kansas that a boy climbed a cornstalk
 ¶ to see how the sky and clouds looked and that now the stalk is growing
 ¶ faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight.
 ¶ Three men have taken the contract for cutting down the stalk with axes
 ¶ to save the boy a horrible death by starving, but the stalk grows so
 ¶ rapidly that they can't hit twice in the same place. The boy is living
 ¶ on green corn alone and has already thrown down over four bushels of
 ¶ cobs. Even if the corn holds out there is still danger that the boy will
 ¶ reach a height where he will be frozen to death. There is some talk
 ¶ of attempting his rescue with a balloon.



¶ And in this the *San Francisco News-Letter* shows how difficult it is to suit some people in the way of newspaper work :

¶ For instance, referring to a public man's reputation for carelessness in
 ¶ the matter of his toilet, a paper announced : Mr. Maguire will wash
 ¶ himself before he assumes the office of town clerk. This made Ma-
 ¶ guire furious, and he demanded a retraction, which appeared thus :
 ¶ Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he
 ¶ assumes the office of town clerk. Oddly enough, this only enraged
 ¶ Maguire the more.



¶ These few lines, entitled "A Tale of the See," are from the *Saturday Evening Post* :

¶ Said the Reverend Septimus Taft, ¶
 ¶ When about his quick marriages chaffed, ¶
 ¶ At the top of my power ¶
 ¶ I make twelve knots an hour ; ¶
 ¶ So the ministry is a good craft. ¶

¶ The *Saturday Evening Post* has just published a garbled and incomplete report of an episode of which I heard some years ago, the basis of which I sincerely hope is true :

¶ An Irishman was, with his mate, clearing the upper loft of a tall new building. By block and fall a barrel was hoisted by Pat to the upper window, drawn in and filled by the man above and lowered again to be emptied. And a painter on a nearby staging carried on a good-natured game of 'jolly' with the rope-puller in his waits between barrels. The last load proved too heavy for the ground man, carrying him up with a run until it smashed on the ground, when the free rope's end whipped up again and Pat came down to land in a cloud of lime and dust and plaster. The painter sent down the anxious query :
 ¶ Are you hurt, Pat ? To have only the tart reply as the man got up and brushed himself :
 ¶ Go to the divil ! I passed ye twicet juß now, an' ye wouldn't shpeak to me.

¶ Here is proof from Cleveland *Plain Dealer* that if a soft answer can not always turn away wrath, it can at least render it speechless :

¶ The irritable employer turned to his typewriter with a sudden snarl.
 ¶ Why don't you write it just as I say it ? he demanded.
 ¶ Because my typewriter hasn't the catarrh, she quietly responded.

¶ Evidently they read the papers down in Kentucky. This is from the Louisville *Courier-Journal* :

¶ The lad was about to leave home.
 ¶ My son, said the old mother, you are now going where temptations will surround you. There will be wicked men on all sides. You will find unprincipled men at every hand.
 ¶ Oh, it ain't so bad as all that, maw, interrupted the male parent.
 ¶ From the way you talk a body would think Jimmy wuz goin' straight to the United States Senate.

¶ This double-header, illustrating the practice of modern business, is from *Life* :

¶ Head of Trust---Have you finished that doctored statement of the affairs of the corporation ?
 ¶ Secretary---Yes.
 ¶ Good. I'll arrange immediately for an investigation !

¶ Briggs---I see that the members of the Beef Trust have all been indicted.
 ¶ Just what does that mean ?
 ¶ Well, I suppose it means that the price of meat is going up.

STRICTLY BUSINESS FOR THE PRACTICAL SORT



Briarcliff Steam Laundry

FOOTINGS drawn from the Federal census made during the past summer are just beginning to be published, and from a paragraph in the New York Sun a total increase of 44,-

684 is given in the population of Westchester County since the previous enumeration of 1900. Briarcliff Manor has gained place among the listed towns and villages, with a population of 417, and the list, exclusive of large cities, is as follows: Ardsley, 470, increase 66; Briarcliff Manor, 417; Bronxville, 994, increase 415; Croton-on-Hudson, 1,599, increase 66; Dobbs Ferry, 3,515, increase, 627; Hastings-on-Hudson, 3,060, increase 1,058; Irvington, 2,481, increase 250; Larchmont, 1,758, increase 813; Mamaroneck, 5,090, increase 368; Mount Kisco, 1,830, increase 484; North Pelham, 1,837, increase 987; North Tarrytown, 4,750, increase 509; Ossining, 7,136, decrease 803; Peekskill, 13,200, increase 2,842; Pelham, 349, increase 46; Pelham Manor, 638; Pleasantville, 1,585, increase 381; Port Chester, 11,199, increase 3,759; Rye, 4,076; Tarrytown, 5,370, increase 600; Tuckahoe, 1,580; White Plains, 11,579, increase 3,680.



Q New and improving work, upon which the Briarcliff building force are busily working before the cold of winter shall come in earnest, includes one important item for the stable department, a long, ell-planned open structure in the rear of the main stables, where the heavy trucks and wagons of the teaming department will be housed, away from the open yards. Following this, the complete rearrangement of the stable has been decided upon, with an increase of space for carriages, and a more convenient order for office, groom's quarters, harness room, supply closet, etc. With the proposed work completed,

Advertising.

the difficulties of more exacting service will be minimized, and the year's development of one of Briarcliff's most important industrial departments will be rounded out. That development has had to do with improved equipage, provision for the sleighing season which never was previously considered, a more critical selection of all stable furnishings, and the more intelligent handling and care of such improved property. Considering the extent of this stable proposition, and the peculiarly hard calls made upon it, I do not remember any similar business where are neither vicious horses nor brutal drivers, or where men, horses and appointments are as invariably correct in appearance.



¶ So far as the betterment of equipment goes, and excepting the new stock added, the work is entirely to the credit of home departments. One by one all the vehicles, light or heavy, have been laid off for treatment, going first to the iron-workers and wheelwright, where every bolt and brace was tested and every structural weakness or flaw made safe and strong. Then to the paint shop, where thorough treatment protected as well as smartened, and if leathers, curtains or cushions were worn or frayed, the upholsterer next door took matters in hand, making everything as good as new and filling out working hours with never ending repairs for the harness room. And when that overhauled item of stock was again run up to the stable the boys would gather about it and pass comments on the latest new addition to their service plant. And that is why everything sent out from Briarcliff stables carries a distinctive style which is as superior to neighborhood exhibits from private or public stables as anything can well be.



¶ And I notice that the stables are stocked with snow-gear for the coming winter. Which reminds me that when I came here to be adopted by the village I noticed no winter preparation at the stables, and being more or less inquisitive by nature and training, I was told that there were no sleighs on the place; didn't need 'em. Of course there was a little snow during the winter, but the memory of the oldest inhabitants ran not to the time when there was more than two weeks of sleighing, so that it hardly paid to put away wheels. But I notice

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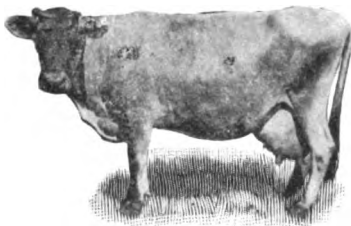
that for two winters now we have had snow up to the necks of men of ordinary height, and for five or six weeks on end I have wallowed through drifts on the unsatisfactory medium of wheels. I am thinking that the seasons are really changing, or I was originally misinformed regarding winter weather conditions. Anyhow, I notice that the stables are splendidly fixed up with sleighs, and evidently propose to "get there with the bells."



¶ The latest reported milk analysis made by the New York Milk Commission on the Briarcliff dairy product maintained the usual high averages to prove its richness, percentages being as follows: Fat, 5.88 per cent; Proteids, 3.41 per cent; Milk Sugar, 4.74 per cent; Ash, .70 per cent. Total solids, 14.73 per cent.



¶ The Briarcliff Jersey herds have been called in from open pasturage and are now on duty at the big barns where the close or winter season always finds them. The milch class is larger by many young cows which have just reached maturity, and the milk yield has correspondingly increased, but orders at the New York Store have also grown largely in volume, and a waiting list remains one of the dairy properties. Changes made at each of the barns have increased the convenience and cleanliness of milk rooms, and the latest mechanical helps in the clean handling of product, for which the dairy management is always on the watch, are steadily raising the equipment as a whole. At the dairy there is still the same constant effort to improve quality in such manufactures as butter, kumyss, and cheese, for which there is growing demand.



¶ Briarcliff Print Shop continues to attract new customers, secure re-orders from old ones, and win endorsement on its product from the experts. *The American Printer*, a technical magazine of Advertising.

his milk probably did not always go to the same consumers, the germs from his filthy cow barn were probably distributed among a much larger proportion of the city's people. With two men to do this work of inspection, with 9,000 dairies and 450 creameries spread over four states, it is easy to see that the eliminating of disease-producing sources of the city's milk supply is a slow and tedious process.



¶ Briarcliff roses brought top prices in Christmas markets, with orders for 10,000 more than could be supplied. The American Beauty rose seems to grow more and more popular, creating new demands wherever it is shown, and to read the month by month reports of the thousands upon thousands sent in to market it is almost incredible that so many can be short of the supply wanted.



¶ Over at the Print Shop the December record afforded a brilliant finish for the passing year. It likewise gives much promise for the twelve-month just beginning. Within the next few weeks will be completed the largest book yet produced here—an 80-page volume, in an edition of 10,000 copies, for the great engineering corporation of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Company. However much satisfaction will be felt over producing a work of such magnitude, the workers at the Print Shop take equal pride, if of a different sort, in doing well the little things which engage their efforts. It has been a pleasure, for instance, to produce a series of souvenir postal cards, illustrating some twenty-five Briarcliff views, in two and three color plates. The casual purchaser of souvenir postals, as offered at the numerous shops and news-stands about the country, may find it difficult to imagine any art quality in such things, but the Briarcliff cards are different. Here, as in other Briarcliff undertakings, there has been an effort to "do the thing a bit better," and the result is pictures of soft and attractive coloring instead of the conventional garish chromos. A recent Briarcliff visitor who was attracted by this postal series proved to be an officer in a corporation interested in developing a large tract in central Cuba, and as a result the Print Shop is now producing a series of cards for his corporation, showing various scenes in the Cuban estates. Thus does the circle of Print Shop patrons widen—each bit of good work attracting recruits.

Q BRIARCLIFF MANOR: IT'S LOCATION, DESIRABILITY AND AVAILABILITY FOR SUPERIOR COUNTRY HOME LOCATION

Q Briarcliff Manor, twenty-seven miles up the Hudson from Manhattan Island, but running up from the river into the higher altitudes of the Westchester Hills, is a demonstration of the redemption of starved land and its improvement to the point of park farm beauty. For more than a dozen years the purchase of contiguous small farms has been followed by jointure, the pulling down of old walls and fences, wholesale feeding and cleaning up of land, with the building of modern scientific roads, buildings and handsome stone walls.

Q The Manor Farms, with the dairy as a dominant interest, have been developed with particular reference to large grazing area, enhancing the natural beauty of the country, but general lines of agriculture are represented upon a large scale, the market garden, orchard, small fruit department, and others, contributing to common purposes. Outside of farming interests only such industries as are necessary to a rapidly growing community, well-nigh independent and complete within itself, are represented. The Manor has its own church, school, hotels, water and drainage system, electric plant, rose culture green houses, laundry, fire department and the various construction departments, all framed and operated upon model lines to meet high standards.

Q Briarcliff Manor Village is the corporate and central point of this territory, which is partly in the towns of Ossining and Mount Pleasant. The west portion of the place is most directly accessible from Scarborough on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The village station, Briarcliff Manor, is the most important in business volume on the Putnam Division, N. Y. C., which connects at 155th street with west side elevated trains for New York's Wall Street district, and still another station convenient for east side residents is Pleasantville, on the Harlem Division, N. Y. C. Present schedules on any of these lines make the time distance about one hour from New York, and the intention to electrify them, which is the purpose of the New York Central, will bring this point into quickly reached suburban relations with the greatest city of the east.

Q Since the resort fraternity were given admission to Briarcliff Lodge and Pocantico Lodge, opened within the past two years under the management of David B. Plumer, there has been a regular inspection of the place and its characteristics, with occasional accessions of residential forces and a large inquiry from those seeking information regarding the place as a point of permanent residence.

Q Briarcliff realty is not offered for sale in the open market, and is only sold under restrictions which have thus far proved for the safety and advantage of all to whom the place is home. Its lands are not exclusively held for the wealthy nor socially prominent. Those finding selling restrictions to their satisfaction may find a wide range of graded values in land and may secure locations from one acre upward. The entire section is rolling and well watered, with woods, brooks and lakes to add to the charm of natural loveliness and historic association.

Q Mr. Plumer, who is General Manager of realty and hotel interests in Briarcliff Manor, will be glad to give full and particular information regarding choice of home locations. He should be addressed at

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, NEW YORK

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BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

¶ All the beauty and variety of charm of this garden spot, thirty miles from New York City, are available to Pocantico Lodge guests at moderate rates, and the house is a favorite point for touring parties.

¶ From New York use Putnam Division New York Central Railroad, from Wall Street district by West Side elevated lines connecting at 155th Street, or from Grand Central Station, connecting at High Bridge. Also use Harlem Division from Grand Central Station to Pleasantville. Pocantico Lodge conveyance meets trains by appointment at either station.

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June 1 to December 1.

MARCH, 1906

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BRIARCLIFF OUTLOOK

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THE CONTENTS

VOL. IV FEBRUARY, 1906 NO. 9

Cover, "In the Glen at Briarcliff."	
Frontispiece, "Good Pasture."	
"The Sanitary Barn," A Clean Milk Opinion. by <i>H. E. Cook</i>	263
"The Hudson," a poem.	272
The Nail in The Door.	273
The Gladsome Farm	277
Old Times and New by <i>Doris Wakefield</i>	280
In February	281
An Editorial Peep Over Many Hedges	282
The Affairs of Birds	286
Matters for Serious-Minded Folk	287
Strictly Business, for the Practical Sort	289

BRIARCLIFF OUTLOOK

For Promotion of Country Life

ARTHUR W. EMERSON, *Editor*

J. C. WILCOX, *Business Manager*

Published each mid-month at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Subscription rate 50 cents the year; in Foreign Countries One Dollar. Single copies 5 cents.

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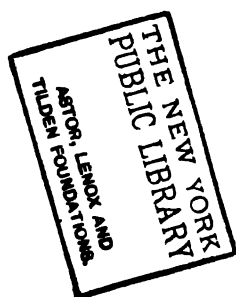
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expenditure of ingenuity rather than dollars in the adaptation of their bit of country. Within these four years the common spirit of return to nature has also been shown in the line of publication. Elaborate magazines in color illustration and voluminous text have been created to command a generous public support, and newspapers of all classes have discovered the value of country life departments, garden and suburban columns, etc. He would be an exceedingly busy and superlatively foolish man who, in these days, attempted to follow and perform a quarter of the suggestions made about doing things in the country.



¶ Briarcliff Manor, partly because of its conception and practice of the country life idea and partly because of an easy accessibility to the greatest and most populous city of the east, lies directly in the track of the movement countryward which has favored all Westchester county. And with important differences marking it off from other localities bought, operated and sold as real estate speculations, it has required and been rigidly held to strongly contrasting policies. The inception of so large a plan was in many ways experimental, and long-continued, patient work preceded important visible results. Then came increase in demand, steadily calling new workers to supply it. Dairy and farm interests, first to be developed, grew and were supplemented by permanent homes and hotels, with all the varied working departments necessary to the care and content of interested visitors and home makers. These in turn brought others and joined in the continued bill of growth, until in the year passed the increased size and authority of corporate village interests and the magnitude of private business departments has made logical the distinct classification of hotel operation and water service, the two most complex and semi-public lines of business operation. Also, the enlarged village boundaries, now including Scarboro and considerable outlying territory, have made the road-building and public improvement responsibility of an importance best cared for by village government with enlarged powers. School location here upon large bases, and the now superior equipment of three private educational institutions, has made Briarcliff Manor a place of all-year-round operation, and recognition of the fact comes promptly in a decision by the Briarcliff Lodge management to double its capacity and make

an all-year season; also in the building here by the New York Central Railroad of the most beautiful and complete station building along the line of the Putnam Division. Together with the selection of several new home locations by desirable families who have tested Briarcliff through several seasons at the Lodge.



¶ To meet such changing requirements the policy of Briarcliff publicity has been changed, and to reach the public with greater frequency, treating varied interests while current, "Briarcliff Outlook," the monthly publication, makes its last appearance in this September issue, and gives place to "Briarcliff Once-a-Week," similar in form, mission and matter, through which, for the present at least, the particular rights of subscription list and advertising patrons will be more effectively served without increase of expense. The new weekly, from its first appearance in October, will be published regularly each week with as much elaboration as the home Print Shop is equal to—thus far sufficient to keep the publication among the leaders in country life class periodicals. The approval of "Briarcliff Outlook" has, from its first number, been gracious and generous on the part of hosts of friends, and it is believed that the weekly report of progress and country life interest will increase its value to such friends.



¶ Year by year the ranks of country adherents must grow in number and importance. The beauty of nature, changeless and perfect, will continue, sometimes enhanced by and sometimes defaced by the work of worldlings appreciative of or indifferent to the fine quality of simplicity, nature's cardinal principle. At most, the nature lover may hint at impressions, glimpse the perspective, and clear away a bit of rubbish here and there. And I think that of the new thousands who find happiness in experiment, and test, and personal comparison of theory and practice, that those are happiest who come home from their day in the hurly-burly city and slip back to the beginning of things, prying into the mysteries of nature as little children, and content if they discover small and homely truths upon which to build. To such true lovers the pages of "Briarcliff Outlook" have been indicted, and to hold the favor of such is the only hope of "Once-a-Week."



Briarcliff's Highland Guest Roll.

"The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes."

SEPTEMBER, ordinarily the month of resort hotel breakup and dissolution, gives Briarcliff Lodge a full house outlook running into October, and correspondence indicates that the approaching late autumn season will prove as busy as the summer. The call of the school bell has been the signal of departure for very many families, of course, but all vacated rooms have been instantly filled, while the house family still includes a score or more of children whose vacation is prolonged.

¶ As this bit of history is written, these stay-over youngsters are enjoying a glorious day in the out-of-doors, after the real gypsy fashion. Mr. Comstock chaperones the party, having brought them down from the Lodge to a tent under some splendid old trees standing fair in a broad stretch of new-mown grass land, far from any roadway, and as if the center of a world of fresh air and sunshine. There have been some rather large preparations for luncheon, and a "corn roast" is going on at the camp fire, while the tent, a swing of the real old-fashioned sort, kite-flying, and a racing all over the place, are interests that seem to keep all busy and content.

¶ Coming to the story told by the Lodge register, the arrival of one party by long-distance automobile passage is to be noted. Mr. F. R. Ford, senior member of Ford & Bacon, electrical engineers, with Mrs. Ford, three children, two maids, and chauffeur, came through to Briarcliff from Dixville Notch, the "farthest north" resort of the White Mountain country, and will remain through

September. The trip of something more than four hundred miles was made in four days.

¶ Another party coming here for the month of September, after touring through Canada and the White Mountains, includes Mr. and Mrs. Clinton R. Irwin Martin, Mrs. Thomas Smith and maid, and Mr. Bruce S. Sheldon.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Obrig, who have been summering in the White Mountains, came late in August to remain until October, and since their arrival have entertained as dinner guests Mrs. Orlando J. Smith, Miss Smith, and Miss Mabel Smith, of Dobbs Ferry.

¶ Belle Haven, the fashionable shore resort, has sent frequent parties to Briarcliff Lodge throughout the summer, among the latest arrivals being a large party coming in three large touring cars from the country home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Donohue, who brought with them Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Sellick, Jr., Miss Ehret, Miss Lemp, Mr. Alex. Brown, Jr., and Mr. R. F. Chatillon. Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Day and family also toured over for the day here, and a third Belle Haven party coming in for luncheon included Miss Mary A. Vanderhoof, Miss Julia Freeman, and Mr. Hunter S. Marston, from the latter's country resort.

¶ Registering from old Greenwich, and driving over behind a slashing four-in-hand, to spend the night at the Lodge, were Mr. and Mrs. W. Truslow Hyde, Miss Alice M. Hyde, Miss Ethel N. Hyde, and Mr. More. Also, Mr. Robert B. Baker came over in his motor car as the dinner guest of Mrs. H. J. Kockersperger and Miss Kockersperger, a third party of recent arrival from the same point being Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Willis.

¶ Two dinner parties from Ardsley were of recent motor-car arrival, one including Mr. Albert K. Harris, counsel for the New York Central Railroad, with Mr. Charles C. Paulding, and another made up by Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murray.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Beincke, driving over from Bronxville, registered as dinner guests.

¶ A motor party coming from White Plains in late August included Mr. Charles H. Minot, Mr. Frank D. Turner, Jr., Miss Grace Blackmore, and Miss Edith Edsall.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Iselin, Mr. Ernest Iselin, and Miss Iselin motored over from New Rochelle for dinner at the Lodge.

¶ A luncheon party coming from the Baylis country place at Bedford, included Miss A. B. Baylis, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Borden, and Miss M. de F. Clark.

¶ A late driving party from Irvington brought in Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McCreery and Mr. C. E. Danforth and family.

¶ Dr. and Mrs. J. De Vere Warner, of Bridgeport, who spent the month of August at the Lodge, made the automobile an important adjunct of their outing pleasure, and extended hospitalities to many friends during their stay here. On one occasion they motored to their Bridgeport home, spending the night there, and brought back with them Judge and Mrs. George W. Wheelen; Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Bishop were other Bridgeport friends to motor here and spend the night with them. Their son, Mr. D. H. Warner, came over to lunch with them, and Mr. Austin B. Fletcher, of New York, was also a guest.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Rogers, Miss Rogers, and Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Thompson, made up a late motor party coming from Pelham Manor.

¶ Coming in by motor from Norwich, Conn., were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Carroll, G. W. Carroll, Jr., and Mr. Arthur Cross.

¶ Mr. T. H. Bedford, of the Standard Oil directorate, with Green Farms, his country place as a summer location, has been a frequent Lodge guest, coming with his family by touring car.

¶ Two other parties making the Lodge their stopping place were Mrs. C. C. Gignoux, of Great Neck, L. I., with Miss Chamberlain and Miss Maria G. Messenger, of Chappaqua, making up a table for luncheon. Also, Mrs. E. F. Shepard, of Kingston, N. Y., and Mrs. E. F. Shepard, of Bridgeport, stopping for luncheon en route from the latter point to Kingston.

¶ Members of the regular Lodge family who have entertained friends during the past fortnight, account for the following goodly accessions to house registration:

¶ Mr. E. D. Ryder, of New York, the over-night guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Ford.

¶ Miss Lillian de Wolfe entertained for a two-weeks stay by her sister, Mrs. George P. Morgan.

¶ Rev. Robert H. Herron, of Nyack, in for luncheon with Mr. F. A. Crombie.

¶ Mr. Charles Sweeney, of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the dinner guest of Mr. Isaac N. Solis.

¶ Mr. F. B. Hurd, stopping over the night with Mr. Andrew Little and family.

Miss Mabel Moore and Miss Olga Moore, week-end guests of Miss Eidlitz.

¶ Baroness von Zedlitz, joining the dinner party of Mr. C. D. Donahue.

¶ Mr. Floyd W. Mundy, of the banking house of Oliphant & Company, an over-night guest of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thompson.

¶ Miss Annie Macdonnel, of Brooklyn, week-end visitor to Mrs. and Miss Quast.

¶ Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, Mr. William Stewart Tod, and Mr. Robert E. Tod, of New York, dining with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trumbull.

¶ Mrs. Bradshaw and Mr. T. Apperson Thompson of New York, motoring up to dine with Mrs. Robert Dunlop.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lovejoy have tendered hospitalities to many friends during their stay, among them being Mr. W. B. Shepard, of Philadelphia, a week-end guest; Mr. G. A. Schultze, of New York, and Mr. L. I. Matthews, of Philadelphia, dinner guests, and Dr. Edward B. Meigs and Dr. Edward D. Lovejoy for an over-Sunday stay. The two physicians last named contemplate a trip abroad in the early autumn and will spend a year there in hospital work and study.

¶ Other late arrivals include: Mr. and Mrs. Silas W. Driggs, Miss Driggs, and Miss Juliana W. Morris, a luncheon party motoring up from Brooklyn; Miss Mary E. Matthews and Miss Mary Casamajor, of Brooklyn, over Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Prior, Mrs. M. W. Evans, and Mrs. R. O. Born, of New York, for a Sunday dinner; Mr. James L. Morgan and Mr. Lancaster Morgan, of New York, a Sunday dinner party; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Manville and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cannon, of New York, for dinner; Mr. James Quinlan, of the Greenwich Savings Bank, with Mrs. Quinlan, for the week-end; Mr. Thomas F. Gilroy, Jr., Miss Hupfel and Mr. J. G. Chris Hupfel, of New York, a Sunday dinner party; Mr. Robert Jaffrey, of Wessels, Duval & Co., bankers, with Mrs. Jaffrey, for the month of September; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson, of Longdale, Va., and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams, of New York, a dinner party; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Pomery, of Pittsfield, Mass., and Mr. Theo. Howard, of New York, a dinner party; Mr. Edward Tatham and Mr. Alfred H. Swayne, of New York, over-night visitors.

¶ These parties, coming from various summer points, are among the latest to take Lodge apartments for the month of September: Miss A. M. Faye, with her maid, an old Waumbek guest in Jefferson; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mowe, New York, who have been the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Mackay at their country place in Seal Harbor, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Theo. F. Hicks, Miss Martha A. Hicks and maid, and Master John M. Hicks, who passed the summer at Spring Lake; Mrs. M. Augustus Field and maid, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Bradhurst, who summered at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach; Mrs. David Fairbanks, Miss Fairbanks, and Mrs. Guy Duval, of Brooklyn, coming also from the Oriental; Mr. C. E. Johnson, member of the New York Stock Exchange, with Mrs. Johnson; Mr. William Garrett Bibb, with his mother, Mrs. Wilson Cary Bibb, of New York.

¶ Mr. F. J. Swift, an old and popular Lodge guest, is again welcomed to its hospitality, and since his coming has entertained here Mr. J. R. Hegeman, Jr., of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with Mrs. Hegeman, motoring over from their country place at Mamaroneck. Miss Maclay, of the regular Lodge family, has likewise entertained Mr. S. Brinkerhoff Thorne and Mrs. Chauncey B. Humphrey, of New York, while her brother, Mr. William H. Maclay, has been the over-Sunday guest of Mr. M. W. Maclay and family. Other house guests have been, Mr. J. Sinclair Armstrong, New York, visiting his mother, Mrs. J. C. Armstrong, and Mrs. G. Heidelberg, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Westerfeldt.

¶ A few of the incoming transient parties are enumerated in the following: Brig. Gen. A. L. Miller, U. S. A., with Mrs. Miller, Chester B. Miller, Col. A. C. Bakewell, and Mr. and Mrs. Macomb G. Foster, making up a dinner party; Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Hammond, Miss Dorothy Hammond, and Miss Claire Hammond, motoring from their country place at Green Farms, Conn., for dinner; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Morrison, Jr., and Mr. Howard P. Sweetser, coming by four-in-hand brake from Ardsley; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Milne, Mrs. E. B. Vandervere, Miss Vandervere, Miss Dorothy Matthews, and Mr. J. Duncan Matthews, driving up from Bronxville for dinner, and returning home by moonlight; Dr. and Mrs. James F. Hasbrouck, guests of last season, dropping in for luncheon from their country place; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Salmon, Master H. H. Salmon, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Coleman, of Brooklyn, an

old Lakewood party, stopping over for the night, en route from Albany by motor; Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Bellows, Miss Margaret Bellows, and Master Bellows, stopping over a night and breaking a trip from the White Mountains; Colonel and Mrs. George Harvey, with Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin, a motor party from New York; Judge and Mrs. Morris B. Beardsley and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Curtiss, of Bridgeport, for luncheon; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Paige, Miss Paige, and Miss Pierce, an over-night party, also from Bridgeport; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dwight, and Theo. F. Reynolds, an over-night party from Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Thompson, Pelham, and Miss Mercer, Mansfield, O.; stopping over night on a trip from Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. Thomas A. Buckner, of the New York Life Insurance Company, with Mrs. Buckner, and Master Aylette Buckner on his pony, driving over from their country place at Riverdale for an over-Sunday stay; Mrs. John Scott Browning and party, motoring from Greenwich for luncheon; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. White and Miss White, by touring car from Larchmont for luncheon; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Goss, Mr. Joseph B. Carse, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Eldredge, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Michler, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Mr. W. S. Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brady, and others, as casual visitors.



Dairy Interests in Japan.

¶ The Japanese imports of cream separators are as yet limited, the number being five in 1905 and the value \$203. There is no present demand for them in the island of Kiushu, as few farmers have more than one cow, except the few small dairymen near the towns. The island of Houshu has somewhat better dairy cows. America furnished about one-half of Japan's \$70,164 butter imports in 1902, but less than one-fourth of the \$66,930 imports in 1905. America also furnished nearly two-thirds of Japan's \$15,156 cheese purchases in 1902, but less than half of the \$12,755 purchases in 1905. But the United States is gaining the condensed milk trade in Japan, the total imports of which were \$323,154 in 1901 and \$804,190 in 1905. The shipments from America were \$125,458 and \$457,247 respectively.

THE CALF PATH



THESE lines, said to have been written by Sam Walter Foss after stepping from his hotel and getting himself lost in Boston, have to do with the reverence men show to established precedent at the expense of time, strength and economic judgment, in doing many things simply and only because some one has done such things in the past, and refusing to change some old and settled policy susceptible of betterment :

THE CALF PATH

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er hill and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,—

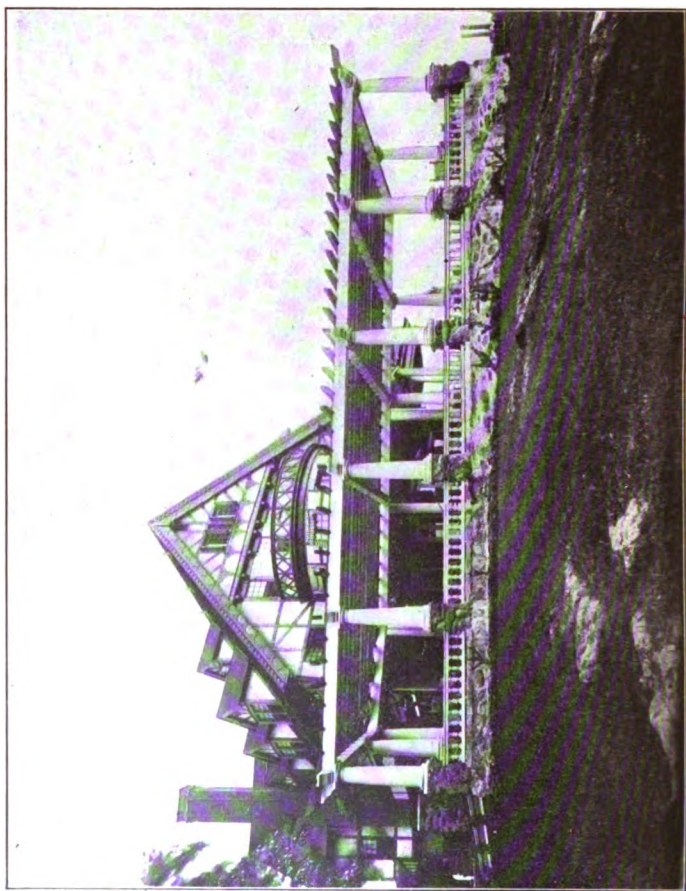
And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again,
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the boiling sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of the calf.
The years passed on in swift feet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For this such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Among the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah! many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.



The Pergola—Briarcliff Lodge

The Chat Club.

Conducted by Doris Wakefield,

"The golden harvest field
Is warmly glowing 'gainst a sapphire sky,
The orchard trees lift laden boughs on high,
A fruitage rich to yield."

SUMMER ENDING

The country places are now arrayed in splendor with the autumn bloom of flowers; the clear, crisp air invites to long drives through unfrequented roads, or to a brisk climb over the ledges. Long trains filled with merry excursion parties make quick time from city to mountain and lake resorts, while the summer boarders move in throngs cityward, just when the countryside is at its best. The children must begin school routine, the business man takes up office hours, and the household plenishing and wardrobe interests demand the attention of the housemother.



A DAY AFIELD

For those who linger among the hills the days pass all too quickly and we count them over like the beads of a rosary, each with a pleasant memory. Yesterday morning there was a frosty sparkle in the air and my friend agreed with me that it would be *wrong* to spend such a day indoors canning blackberries. We carried the berries down cellar and started early for a delightful drive toward the lake. Several teams passed us and we became aware of a tide of travel setting our way, and soon gathered from the social interchange of greetings that there was to be an auction at the Haven farm, a few miles farther up the pike road.



SELLING THE FARM

We fell in line, and became somewhat interested in the various items of information that drifted our way from the passing wagons. There were historical facts and dates, statements of present conditions and circumstances, with surmises as to future plans of the Haven family that outlined another story of a deserted farm. This story ends differently, however, for the farm was purchased by a thrifty Canadian farmer with a comely wife and a family of six boys and two half-grown girls.

They are all busy and will make a comfortable living and enjoy life. Some friends of theirs have bought another farm near by, since then, and on every first Sunday in the month the little Catholic church in the village is well filled with worshippers.



HUMAN NATURE

But to return to the auction, with the household furnishings generously displayed in the yard subject to examination by would-be purchasers. Our sympathy for the gray-haired man left companionless, and soon to be homeless, as well, waned somewhat when various articles of clothing belonging to the two departed wives were offered for sale. A set of "fitch furs" that cost \$20 when new, went for a dollar, and were worn home by a rollicking French boy. "I hope she will appear to him and frighten him well!" exclaimed my friend, but I rather hope she knew nothing of it. There are sad stories of privation, toil and renunciation written on the door-posts of some of these old houses, and lives have been sacrificed on the altar of avarice, in the old days and on the hillside farms. Perhaps this is why the sunken roof-trees and crumbling walls are to be restored by alien hands. One thrifty farmer, lamenting the untimely demise of his second wife, said brokenly, "She was a good, profitable creature, long as she lived." With the praiseworthy virtues of industry and frugality it is possible that a strand of avarice has been interwoven in the characters of many financiers of the present day in our cities, who spent their early days on the farm.



SCHOOL CHANGES

On our return home we passed a white school house, with the flag flying aloft. "School was out" and a dozen boys and girls were starting for home. A middle-aged man was waiting with a team for his daughter, who was the teacher. While our horse drank from the trough that overflowed from the mountain spring, we chatted, and he told us that when he attended school in that building thirty years ago, there were sixty registered children. Now there are sixteen, and five of them foreigners. "Another year there will be more of them folks," he added as he drove away.

"Three powers there are that dominate the world—Fraud, Force and Right."—O'Reilly.

INFINITY

CHARLES ROBERTSON HARDY

in *The Independent*

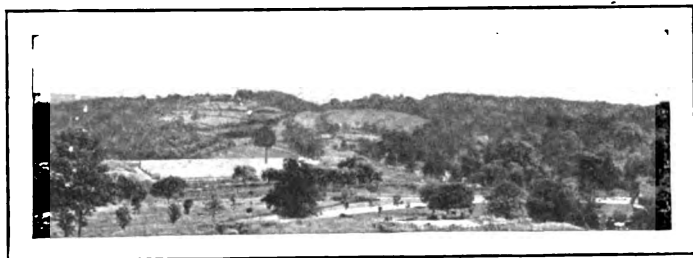
O little blue flower, looking up from the sod,
Thy feet in the earth, thy face to the sky,
Didst fall from the eye of a long-brooding God,
Thou tangible scrap of Infinity ?

Out of Eternity didst thou condense
From palpitant star-dust, midst nebulous fire?
Into this borderland, 'twixt Spirit and Sense,
Wert thou projected to bid me aspire ?

What is thy lesson, thy sermon, thy text ?
What canst thou say in this fugitive hour ?
What to a soul with doubt sore perplexed ?
"The Infinite find in the heart of a flower !"



Japanese Tea Room at the Lodge



Matters of Immediate Location.

"While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home."

BUSY is the word passed all along the line here as elsewhere, this month. A good many irons in the fire, and all receiving the particular attention of those whose business it is to keep them hot until finished and smoothed off to perfection. All outside work of constructive nature has profited by the long unbroken dry season that has discouraged the farmer, true to the ancient observation that "one man's meat is another man's poison."



Q First, in the road-building line, the new Pine Road, connecting the State Road and Scarboro Road sections of the village, is finished, and probably the finest piece of highway construction to be found even in this locality of up-to-date engineering. The ridge land thus opened up is high and picturesque, and the passage was no sooner opened to the public than three choice home locations were chosen, staked out, and transferred for immediate building operations. Of which more later.



Q Another big road improvement project under direction of the village authorities was immediately announced and is now going forward rapidly. When completed there will be a broad stone roadway of approved grade extending from All Saints Church to the Shepard Memorial Church—a drive which has always been popular, but never properly laid down. The work is being done under a sixty-day contract.

¶ And speaking of schools, there has been a tumultuous hustle to finish work on the new addition to Miss Knox' school building, which is to open for the school year on Wednesday, October 3. The work is finished just in time, and adds much to exterior attractiveness of the building, with yet more to its credit on account of interior roominess and convenience.



¶ The new gymnasium, with alterations on other buildings this year included for the use of the Misses Tewksbury's School, has also occupied a working force for some weeks, and the improved plant is ready for the school opening, dated for the closing days of September.



¶ At Mrs. Dow's School on the hill little work has been necessary save the ordinary overhauling of the big building for school year opening, set down for Thursday, October 4. The Ancients Club, an important addition of the school, is also ready for its patrons, who will soon begin to haunt its cozy corners.



¶ The new Briarcliff Manor station building draws close to completion, and will be opened for service, as estimated by railroad authority, on the first of October. It is a model of good taste and thoroughness in railway construction, has added much to the attractive features of the place, and is incidentally the finest station building along the line of the Putnam division.



¶ A new Post-Office building is next in order in the same section of the village, and this also will be a model affair. Plans have been accepted and foundation excavation completed on the corner lot opposite the Public School, construction to be pushed to a finish immediately. The building will be of tile and steel re-enforced cement construction, perfectly fire proof, with apartments on second floor, and all equipped to meet modern requirements. In the meantime, local postal matters occupy a small temporary building nearby.



¶ The Public School year is on, with attendance substantially increased and a strong reorganized teaching organization.

A Salmagundi for Serious-Minded Folk.

THE *Gentleman Farmer* soberly avers that there is a poultryman in Rhode Island who once sent a consignment of dressed turkeys to a merchant in Pennsylvania having the reputation of being a very "close buyer." It had been the custom of this dealer always to claim an allowance for something or other alleged to have been spoiled during the shipment of the consignment. Before the sending of the turkeys above referred to the Pennsylvania man had dealt exclusively in live fowls. Whether or not the correspondence clerk of the Rhode Islander mixed things does not appear; but, at any rate, the shipper was surprised to receive a complaint from Pennsylvania to the effect that four of the turkeys were dead when they reached their destination. A paragraph was added, asking for a deduction from the bill on that account. Whereupon the poultryman evolved the following reply:

"It is with regret that I have to advise you I cannot make the concession requested. It is the custom of my firm to require all patrons desiring live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so that we may forward them in heated cars. Turkeys without feathers and insides are liable to take cold if sent in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year."



¶ The theory that the use of the telephone has done much to make women businesslike is thus borne out by the following brace of lines in *The Press*:

He—Will you marry me?

She—Yes. Who is it, please?



¶ Showing how they used to "break the will" in the old days. Told in the *Cosmopolitan*:

A man had two sons. The elder was virtuous and dutiful, the younger wicked and crafty. When the father was about to die, he called them before him and said: "I have only two things of value—my herd of camels and my blessing. How shall I allot them?"

"Give to me," said the younger son, "thy blessing, for it may reform me. The camels I should be sure to sell and squander the money."

The elder, disguising his joy, said that he would try to be content with the camels and a pious mind.

It was so arranged and the man died. Then the wicked younger son went before the cadi and said: "Behold, my brother has defrauded me of my lawful heritage. He is so bad, that our father, as is well known, denied him his blessing; is it likely that he gave him the camels?"

So the elder brother was compelled to give up the herd and was soundly bastinadoed for his rapacity.



¶ Illustrative of the thoroughness with which a soaking is administered in Fall River, it is related by the *Bugle of Bretton Woods*, that while a Baptist clergyman was performing the rite of baptism in Fall River, Sunday, a thief entered the church and stole his watch, cuff buttons and pocketbook.



¶ And still the world is well supplied with the representatives of a stiff-necked and unaccommodating fraternity. The *New York Sun* tells how a certain Mr. Max Bernstein, of Brooklyn, recently telegraphed to San Francisco, ordering that his uncle, Mr. Samuel Braunhart, should be cremated. The information came back that his orders had not been carried out, owing to the strenuous opposition of Mr. Braunhart, who had just recovered from an illness and wanted his body for other purposes.



¶ *Puck*, in the following, tells how it used to sound in the olden time:

Methusaleh—Just a word with you, young man.

His Daughter's Suitor—What is it, sir?

Methusaleh—You have been calling on my daughter one hundred years now, and I want to know if you mean business.



¶ Speaking of mixed metaphors, a Hindoo journalist, commenting on a political disturbance, said: "We cannot, from a distance, realize the intensity of the crisis, but it is a certain thing that many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes."

And at that, the paragraph is better than some helping to fill New York daily columns.

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF HUDSON RIVER AND EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY

We, the undersigned, all being persons of full age and all citizens of the United States and at least a majority being residents of the State of New York, desiring to become a corporation, under and by virtue of the provisions of the Railroad Law, for the purpose of building, maintaining and operating a railroad, do hereby certify as follows:---

FIRST:—The name of the corporation shall be HUDSON RIVER AND EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY.

SECOND:—The number of years it is to continue shall be one thousand.

THIRD:—The kind of road to be built and operated shall be a street surface railroad to be operated by electricity.

FOURTH:—Such railroad is to be built, maintained and operated from a point at or near the railroad of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company adjacent to the foot of Secor Avenue, in the Village of Ossining, County of Westchester, State of New York, thence extending through the Village and Town of Ossining, and southeasterly through the Village of Briarcliff Manor to Pleasantville and to the hamlet of Sherman Park in the Town of Mount Pleasant, County of Westchester; said Village of Ossining and hamlet of Sherman Park will be its termini, and its length will be about and not more than nine miles.

FIFTH:—The county in which any and every part of the road is to be located is the County of Westchester.

SIXTH:—The amount of the capital stock shall be four hundred thousand dollars (\$400,000).

SEVENTH:—The number of shares into which the capital stock is to be divided is to be four thousand (4,000), all of which shall be common stock.

EIGHTH:—The names and post-office addresses of the directors of the corporation who shall manage its affairs for the first year are as follows, namely:---

NAME	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Ashley T. Cole,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
L. B. Grant,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
Arthur McCausland,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
Alexander Keogh,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
Peter C. Schutrum,	5 Nassau Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
Rudolph W. Yates,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
James A. Byrne,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
Howard E. Keeler,	222 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, New York City
George H. Sellers,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City

NINTH:—The place where its principal office is to be located is the Village of Ossining, County of Westchester, State of New York.

TENTH:—The name and post-office address of each subscriber to this certificate, and the number of shares of stock he agrees to take in such corporation are as follows:---

NAME	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS,	NO. OF SHARES SUBSCRIBED
Ashley T. Cole,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan New York City,	10
Arthur McCausland,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	10
Rudolph W. Yates,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	10
William G. Phillips,	54 Wall Street Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
James A. Byrne,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Howard E. Keeler,	222 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Richard Van Tassell,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5

[Cont'd on next page]

Charles H. Werner,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
John F. Cloonan,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Frank B. Church,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
L. J. Mayer,	5 Nassau Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Peter C. Schutrum,	5 Nassau Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
George H. Sellers,	32 Liberty Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Stephen Tilton,	222 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5
Harold H. Jacocks,	222 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, New York City,	5

ELEVENTH:—The names and descriptions of the streets, avenues and highways in which such railroad is to be constructed, are as follows:—

Beginning at a point near the passenger station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company in the Village of Ossining, Westchester County, New York, thence running along Secor Road to South Water Street; thence along South Water Street to Main Street; also from the said point near said passenger station and along the street adjacent to the railroad, thence running in a northeasterly direction to Main Street; thence along Main Street to Water Street; thence along North Water Street to Central Avenue; thence along Central Avenue, in a northeasterly direction, crossing Brandredth Street to Main Street; thence along Main Street crossing the intersection of Church Street to Highland Avenue; thence across Highland Avenue to its intersection with Croton Avenue; thence along Croton Avenue crossing the various intersecting streets to Stone Avenue in the town of Ossining; thence along Stone Avenue in the Town of Ossining crossing the various intersecting streets to the Camp Grounds; thence along an unnamed Street recently laid out and across a road which is an extension of Croton Avenue, and over a private right of way, in a southeasterly direction to a point on the Pleasantville Road, at or near its intersection with a road leading from Chappaqua to Ossining; thence continuing in a southeasterly direction across said Chappaqua Road and along said Pleasantville Road, or on private right of way on the east side of said Pleasantville Road to a point at or near the village line of the Village of Briarcliff Manor; thence along private right of way in the Village of Briarcliff Manor just east of said Pleasantville Road to a point near the intersection of said Pleasantville Road with the State Road in the Village of Briarcliff Manor; thence in a northeasterly direction across private right of way to said State Road; thence in and along said State Road and a road leading from said State Road to a point near the dairy of Walter. W. Law; thence running on private right of way along the west side of the Putnam Division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, crossing the Pleasantville Road, and continuing on private right of way adjacent to said Putnam Division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company to a point in the State Road; thence in and along said State Road to a point in the Town of Ossining about 1200 feet southeast of the Village of Briarcliff Manor; thence leaving said State Road running on private right of way and crossing by an overhead crossing the tracks of the Putnam Division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; thence in a northeasterly direction along private right of way to the Pleasantville Road; thence along the Pleasantville Road to a point near the passenger station of the Harlem division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company in the Village of Pleasantville; thence along Marble Avenue to a point at or near Sherman Park in the Town of Mount Pleasant, County of Westchester, State of New York.

Also in and along the street in the Village of Ossining, Westchester County, New York, known as Spring Street, from Main Street south to the village line of the Village of Ossining.

Together with the necessary connections, switches, sidings, turnouts and suitable stands for the convenient working of said railroad.

TWELFTH:—The corporation is authorized to purchase, acquire, hold and dispose of the stocks, bonds and other evidences of indebtedness of any corporation, domestic or foreign, and issue in exchange therefor its stock, bonds or other obligations.

[Cont'd on next page]

THIRTEENTH:—The directors of the corporation need not be stockholders unless otherwise provided in a by-law adopted by a stockholders' meeting.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have executed and acknowledged this certificate in duplicate, and have subscribed our respective names hereto.

Dated the 30th day of January, 1906.

Charles H. Werner
James A. Byrne
Arthur McCausland
Ashley T. Cole
John F. Cloonan
Howard E. Keeler
Richard L. Van Tassel
Harold H. Jacocks
Stephen Tilton
Frank B. Church
L. J. Mayer
Peter C. Schutrums
Rudolph W. Yates
George H. Sellers
William G. Phillips

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.:

On this 30th day of January, 1906, before me personally came ASHLEY T. COLE, ARTHUR McCAUSLAND, RUDOLPH W. YATES, WILLIAM G. PHILLIPS, JAMES A. BYRNE, HOWARD E. KEELER, RICHARD L. VAN TASSELL, CHARLES H. WERNER, JOHN F. CLOONAN, FRANK B. CHURCH, L. J. MAYER, PETER C. SCHUTRUM, GEORGE H. SELLERS, STEPHEN TILTON and HAROLD H. JACOBS, to me known to be the persons described in and who executed the foregoing certificate, and severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same for the purposes therein mentioned.

(Notarial Seal)

L. B. Grant
Notary Public, Kings County, No. 18,
Certificate filed in New York County.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.

I, PETER J. DOOLING, Clerk of the County of New York, and also Clerk of the Supreme Court for the said County, the same being a Court of Record, DO HEREBY CERTIFY, That L. B. Grant has filed in the Clerk's Office of the County of New York, a certified copy of his appointment and qualification as Notary Public for the County of Kings with his autograph signature, and was at the time of taking the proof or acknowledgment of the annexed instrument, duly authorized to take the same. And further that I am well acquainted with the handwriting of such Notary, and believe the signature to the said certificate of proof or acknowledgment to be genuine.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the said Court and County, the 31st. day of January, 1906.

(County Clerk's Seal)

Peter J. Dooling Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.

CHARLES H. WERNER, ARTHUR McCAUSLAND and JAMES A. BYRNE, being severally duly sworn, each for himself, depose and says, that he is a director named in the foregoing certificate of incorporation; that at least \$1,000 of capital stock for every mile of road proposed to be built has been subscribed thereto, and paid in good faith, and in cash, to the directors named in the certificate, and that it is intended in good faith to build, maintain and operate the road mentioned therein.

Charles H. Werner
Arthur McCausland
James A. Byrne

Severally sworn to before me, this }
31st day of January, 1906. }

L. B. Grant

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 18,
(Notarial Seal) Certificate filed in New York County.

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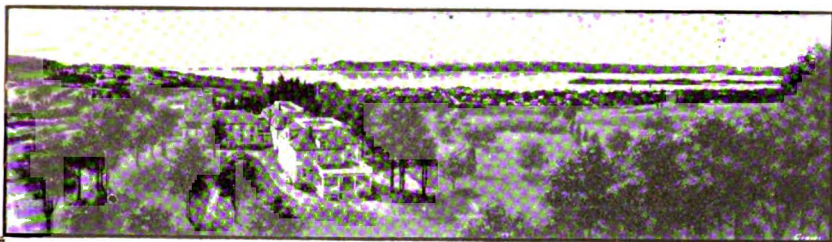
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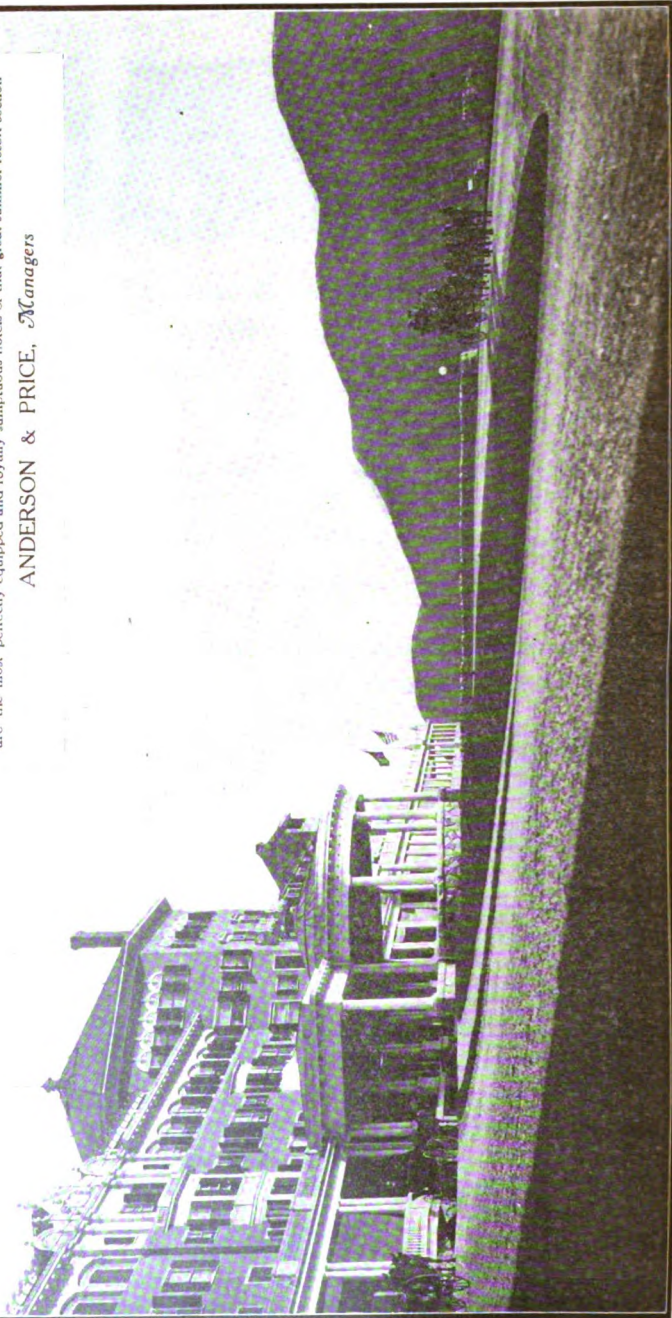
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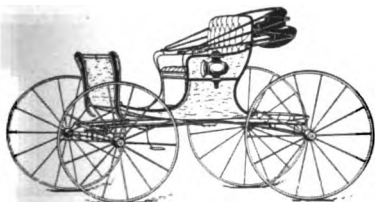


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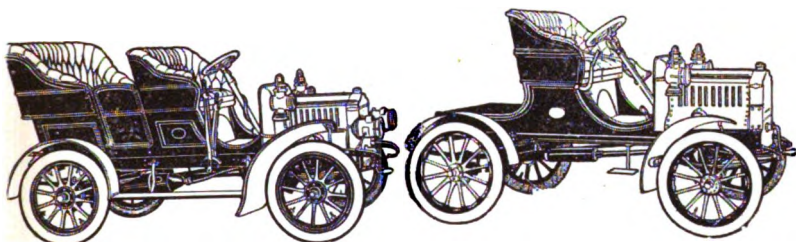
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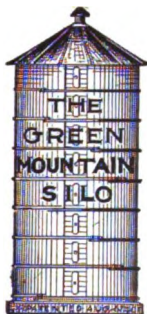
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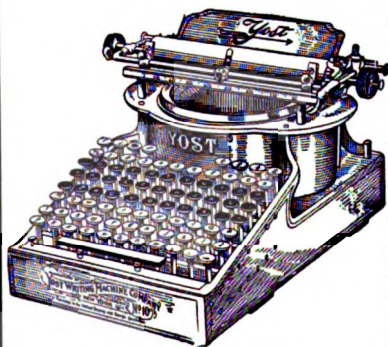
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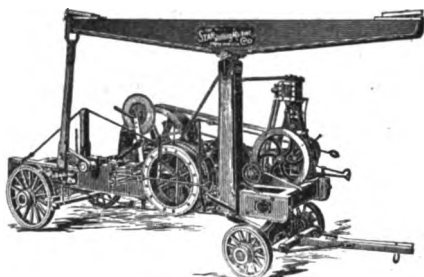
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